

THE SKETCH.

No. 17.—VOL. II.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
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CANADA'S NEW RULERS.

The Earl of Aberdeen, has become Governor-General of Canada sooner than he expected. On coming into power in July, Mr. Gladstone singled out Lord Aberdeen for the post on the expiration of the term of office of Lord Stanley of Preston some months hence. It may be noted that Lord Aberdeen became a peer like Lord Stanley by the death of his brother. Indeed, in Lord Aberdeen's case, the deaths of two brothers made way for him. His eldest brother, inheriting all the brilliant dash

the success of this period. She inaugurated a new era in the rule of Dublin Castle, interesting herself in all classes of the community, more especially in the working classes. This interest she has never lost, and thus it is that she finds herself to-day the woman representative of Ireland at the World's Fair. Lady Aberdeen began her philanthropic career at home. Haddo House, the Aberdeenshire seat of the family, has long been the centre of many agencies, all tending towards the elevation of the mass of the people. Perhaps the most notable of her many efforts has been the establishment and conduct of the Onward and Upward—formerly the Haddo House—Association, a society for the



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.



Photo by Werner and Son, Dublin.

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

which has made the noble family of Gordon remarkable in history, ran away to sea when a mere lad, and served before the mast for years under the assumed name of John Osborne. In 1870 he met a sailor's death, being drowned while on a voyage from Boston to Melbourne. Two years before, his second brother had died unmarried, and thus it was that the third and last brother became Lord Aberdeen. The fortunes of the Earl have been identified with the house of Derby in a still more important way, for in 1878—he was married in the previous year—he threw in his lot with the late Earl of Derby, and left the Conservative party, to which he had formerly belonged. His advance in public life has been remarkably rapid. Possibly Mr. Gladstone's friendship with his grandfather, "the travelledthane, Athenian Aberdeen," has had much to do with this. The Earl's own strength of character has also helped to contribute to his success, while not a little must be attributed to the conspicuous administrative and social ability of his wife, who is a daughter of Lord Tweedmouth, and consequently a sister of Mr. Edward Marjoribanks. Lord Aberdeen's strong philanthropic and religious instincts, inherited from his father, and his political career are intimately connected. He made his mark as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Countess did much to accentuate

behalf of servants. In connection with the association she conducts a very interesting monthly magazine, and, indeed, she has interested her family in its aims, for her daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, who is not yet thirteen, edits a charming little magazine of her own, called *Wee Willie Winkie*. Haddo House, far north as it is, has, in its way, become a sort of salon, where Mr. Gladstone, among others, has found a spell of delightful rest. The beautiful grounds of Haddo House are frequently thrown open for large garden parties to the people of the whole country side, and more than once Lady Aberdeen has invited her neighbours to hear lectures and addresses from her distinguished guests.

With Canada Lord and Lady Aberdeen are already very familiar; indeed, they are really subjects of the Dominion, inasmuch as Lord Aberdeen is a large farmer there. On several occasions they have visited the Dominion. Emigrants to Canada have found in Lord Aberdeen a wise counsellor, and it may be remembered that Lady Aberdeen made an appeal to English readers of periodical literature for a supply for the colonists in the North-West Territories. In every way Lord and Lady Aberdeen have fitted themselves by a careful education to represent her Majesty in the Dominion.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

The Imperial Institute has started its career with a pomp and ceremony such as have not been seen in this country for many a year. The opening function was imposing in the triumphal entry sort of way, and the reception with which the Prince of Wales followed it on Wednesday was quite as brilliant. The audience is computed to have numbered at least twenty thousand, and the fullest preparations were made to entertain them. The place looked very striking with gay illuminations and much decoration. The cloaks made it look very singular. People were not allowed to leave their cloaks unless they parted with them for the entire evening, and this was scarcely possible, because one was strolling in and out of the gardens all the time. So the consequence was that nearly everybody carried their wraps, and this gave the scene an unusual aspect. One saw many curiosities in provincial attire; the woolly shawl revisited the glimpses of the moon. There was one white woolly shawl in company with an imposing aigrette, and a scarlet



PRINCIPAL CORRIDOR OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

one was worn in company with a bright pink gown. Some of the women were most extraordinary, and many had an apprehensive look, and seemed to cling to the men of the party. Several country ladies wore bonnets, one man had a mackintosh cap, and a high sheriff gleamed in a scarlet gown and a gold chain and a chimney-pot hat; also a festive country lady wore a sky-blue gown with a wreath of pink roses on her head. There were just a few people who looked very nice, and there was one woman who came quite triumphantly out of the ordeal of wearing a cloak indoors. She had a dress of brilliant yellow, with a quaint little flounce at the bottom, and a beautiful mantle in shot mauve and green, with a hood of black lace and salmon-pink silk. The Indians looked charming in their white dresses and coloured turbans. They are always a great assistance to a pageant. The royalties honoured the occasion by donning the most elegant costumes. The people followed them wherever they went, and were somewhat effusively loyal. The Duchess of Connaught was in white, the Duchess of Teck in black, Princess May in heliotrope silk trimmed with velvet in a darker shade. Mr. Gladstone was in the royal procession, and met with a mixed reception. The most striking figure, perhaps, was Sir Frederick Leighton; his handsome face looked like a cameo as he passed through the crowd. Altogether the scene was a very brilliant one. It was not till long after midnight that the many visitors finally dispersed, although there was no lack of carriages and cabs, and the underground train service had been especially augmented. To all those who had the good fortune to be present it will long remain a red-letter day. It is also a fitting start to the theory—which should gradually become more than a theory—of the unity of the Empire.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Her Majesty the Queen is seventy-four years old to-day, and she celebrates the occasion with a memorable recognition of the value of the Volunteer Force, which has been created and developed under her reign. Last year, all Volunteer commissioned officers who had served twenty years were decorated with a long-service decoration (as illustrated), but the non-commissioned officers and men with similar service were overlooked.



The omission gave some not unwarranted offence, and some battalions solved the problem for themselves. Thus, the officers of the 4th West Surrey presented every man who had completed his twenty years with a gold badge, to be worn on his watch chain. The War Office will now remedy their fault, for on the Queen's birthday all rank-and-file Volunteers with the necessary service will be decorated like their officers.

The officers' decoration consists of an oak wreath in silver, tied with gold, with the royal cipher and crown in the centre in gold. It is suspended on the left breast from a silver oak bar-brooch by a green ribbon an inch and a half broad. About fifteen thousand rank-and-file, exclusive of those in India and the Colonies, are entitled to the decoration.

The Church has had a grand field-day over the Welsh Suspensory Bill. It began with an impressive communion service in St. Paul's, and closed with a brilliant gathering in the Albert Hall. The Bishop of Manchester cheered his audience, and was cheered (literally) in turn when he said the time was not far distant when all the defences of the disestablishers would fall down flat as fell the great wall of Jericho at the sound of the trumpets of Israel.

In view of this meeting, it is interesting to note that the jubilee of the Free Church of Scotland is the feature of the hour across the Border. On Thursday, May 18, 1843, 470 ministers of the Church of Scotland, nearly two-fifths of the whole, severed their connection with the State on the question of Church patronage and became the Free Church. The Disruption is a significant point in the disestablishment movement. The Church of England Young Men's Society has also just celebrated its jubilee.

Cholera may visit us this year, and in view of this the Society of Medical Officers of Health have held a conference. Cholera is eminently a disease of the poor, and should the disease fall on London the 380,000 beds available in hospitals and infirmaries for the accommodation of cholera patients will be of little use. The prospect is not a bright one.

A more drastic treatment of habitual drunkards is recommended in the report of the Inebriates Committee appointed last year. It holds that drunkards should be compelled to enter.

The jubilee of Dr. E. J. Hopkins as organist of the Temple Church has been marked by his being presented with a purse of a hundred guineas and a silver tea and coffee service.

Spencer Balfour is safe for the nonce, for the Argentine Government have refused to extradite him unless reciprocity is conceded. In the absence of the ratification of the treaty signed in 1889, our Government is precluded by law from giving this reciprocity, but it is hoped that the Argentine Congress may yet ratify the treaty. Mr. Labouchere anticipates that he may yet become Argentine Minister of Finance. His scandalous bankruptcy examination has been concluded.

The greater part of Bishops' Court, the residence of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, near Ramsey, has been burnt down. All the furniture except that of the study was safely got out, including a valuable and interesting collection of portraits of former bishops of the diocese from the time of Bishop Wilson, who was instrumental in the erection of the portion of the building which has been destroyed. St. Martin's Church, Trafalgar Square, has narrowly escaped a similar fate.

Eccentricity is almost sure to bring a person a certain amount of notoriety. Few eccentrics have been so curious as the young German who has rolled himself from Manchester to London on a huge wooden ball in forty-nine days. He lost 22 lb. on the journey, and the ball decreased from 87 lb. to 77 lb.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor begs to inform correspondents that so many stories and articles have already reached him that his stock is sufficient to last for many months. Any other MSS. are, therefore, unnecessary.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

ELEONORA DUSE.

A blank week in May is startling to the dramatic critic—not a single new performance, not one unseen *lever de rideau*, not a summer madness *matinée*! Yet it is the fact that from May 15 to the 20th no



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS SINGING HIS NEW SONG.

novelties have been presented. There should have been the two performances of Signora Duse, but, unluckily, it happens that the voyage has upset her, and she has postponed her appearance for a week.

The result of this wonderful hiatus of a week may be serious on the dramatic critics, who are all rushing off for a holiday, and glorying in the fact that they can enjoy one while their natural enemies, the actors, have to stay in London. Natural enemies—though the hostility is one that, perhaps, no one admits, and least of all the critics, who, as a rule, are very amiable to the profession, and praise good and bad performances indifferently; but they feel it all the same, and are secretly rejoicing that the mummery will have to work hard during Whitsuntide, while the critics will be free. I have not got a drawing of the critic on his holiday; but here is a picture of Mr. Arthur Roberts still working hard "In Town."

Plays are so rarely printed in England—I will not pretend to say why—that a far less interesting book than "Widowers' Houses," by G. Bernard Shaw—I dare not say "Mr.," for I believe he would consider it an insult—would be welcome. It is, however, quite interesting enough, and has great attraction in shape, with a garniture of characteristic preface and appendix. In fact, some will say that it belongs to the class of books in which the *hors d'œuvres* are preferable to the real dinner, such as "Mdlle. de Maupin" or Bale's Dictionary.

The play, published in pretty form by Messrs. Henry and Co. as the first of the Independent Theatre Series, caused much discussion when it appeared on the stage, and was noteworthy for the fact that the *Daily News*, though hostile to the society and its works, found great merit in it which the other ante-Ibsenites could not discover. Reading it over in cold blood after the battle, one wonders how anyone could fail to see the vitality and character in the play, just as one is surprised at the author's courage in still defending the scene in which the heroine half-throttles her maid. However, it is absurd to be surprised at finding some strangeness in a work by the author of "Cashel Byron's Profession." I trust the news that he is writing a new play, advocating all his fads, is true, for it certainly will interest.

E. F.-S.

You may utterly disbelieve in the pseudo-science of physiognomy, yet looking at the portrait of the great Italian actress you cannot help forming opinions both as to her character and her history. In the strong outpush of the chin is shown the force that drove her through trial to triumph. She was born thirty-three years ago at Vigevano, a walled town some sixty miles north-east of Turin, and is one of a family which for generations has given actors to Italy. Yet her early life was hard and cruel, for her people were poor wandering worshippers of Thespis, working the Italian provinces and third-class theatres; it was a life in which her earnings barely brought sustenance for her and the family.

In Juliet, when no older than the luckless heroine whom she represented, she made a successful appearance at Verona, and it was in this part, we are told, that she first felt confident of her genius. It was at Naples, in the old Florentine Theatre, that her triumph came. She played in "Thérèse Raquin," and the public, to whom she was unknown, were moved to an enthusiasm that made her promptly famous.

Since then her career has been one great triumph, yet, if the gossip of the theatres be true, the triumph has been dearly bought. Any observer can see in the face the neurotic type—the woman who lives in and through her nerves. By nerve effort she forces herself into absolute belief in the character she portrays, and, forgetful of all else, she feels with the woman and compels the audience to feel with her. She seems to have the same gift of fascinating as that of Clara Morris, the great American tragedian, who has never come over to delight the English. To her Diderot's "Paradoxe sur le Comédien" is an absurdity, and Mr. Archer's discussion in "Masks and Faces" a mountain out of a ridiculous molehill. "To feel is to act" is her maxim. In private life she shuns observance, refuses all invitations, and endeavours to avoid all publicity. Her desire is to cease to exist for the world the moment she leaves the stage, but it is the price of genius to make this impossible.

The strangest of all matters related of her is that she has the gift of humour. No one, we are convinced, who did not know could discover it in her strained, eager face. Yet by some she is said to surpass Chaumont in "Divorçons," just as it is reported that in "Fédora" she shows a greater power than Bernhardt. Such statements, of course, one does not accept as absolutely true. However, she is to play in "Divorçons," and also in "Fédora," in "La Femme de Claude," "Francillon," "Denise," "Camille," "The Doll's House," and some Italian plays.

From what we can learn, she is intensely modern in method, and disdains the tricks to which even Bernhardt descends; it is even said that she does not make up, and yet can look at will either a girl of sixteen or woman of sixty. Whatever the precise truth, it is certain that



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Photo by Pach Bros., Broadway, N.Y.

ELEONORA DUSE.

London now holds an actress who has been accepted as first-class in Rome, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, and New York, and we feel confident that London, while reserving its right to form an independent opinion, will give a generous welcome to the compatriot of Ristori, Rossi, and Salvini.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

And so, after hard fighting, we come to Whitsuntide. Two of the fighters, at least, deserve their holiday, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone. Indeed, the Committee stage, so far, really has resolved itself into a duel between these men. Enough, perhaps, has been said as to the personal interest that underlies their antagonism, but it is not uninteresting to take a look at it as it affects the parties, for it is the last fight but one between Gladstonianism and Liberal Unionism. I said a few weeks ago that with the Committee stage came the time for the breaking-up of the Gladstonian party; at any rate, the Conservative Opposition had played their part in resisting absolutely the principle of an Irish Legislature at all. As a matter of tactics that view could not be quite carried out on the Conservative benches, as far as abstaining from discussion was concerned, but two practical consequences of it have been the continual abstention of Tory members from divisions and the leaving of all active criticism to the leader of the Liberal Unionists. The result of leaving criticism to the Liberal Unionists, if it had been confined to Sir Henry James and Mr. Leonard Courtney, should have been simply to help on the conversion of such men as Sir E. J. Reed and Mr. Bolton, who neither of them like the Bill as it stands. Liberal would have been criticising Liberal, and, with a few Radical and Irish amendments thrown in, the discussion would have been drawing the items of the Gladstonian party farther away every day. But two, or rather three, elements have disturbed this simple progressive method of party destruction.

THE INFLUENCE OF TEMPER.

These elements are Mr. Chamberlain, the supremacy question, and the third, which really is a piece of both, mistaken party tactics. The debate on the Second Chamber shows what I mean by the latter. There are a lot of Radicals who object on principle (or, as Mr. Labouchere calls it, on "opinion") to Second Chambers at all. The Tory party, on the other hand, as such, upholds this same principle or opinion, and thinks that Second Chambers are essential. Thus, in the nature of things, the Tories ought to have supported the proposal in the Bill and the Radicals to have opposed it. But not at all. The division was made a party one, the Unionists voting against the Government (with a few Liberal Unionists dissenting), and consequently most of the Radicals, who would otherwise have voted for the amendment, voted straight with their party. If anything could prevent a party from going to pieces, these tactics would. Poor Sir Edward Reed has complained twice that the Tories won't give him a chance of voting as he really wants! And the fact of the matter is this, that if the Home Rule Bill is to be destroyed by its own party they must be left alone.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S GLADSTONIAN UTILITY.

Then there is the Chamberlain element. Nobody can imagine that without Mr. Chamberlain these discussions in Committee would have been nearly so long and acrimonious as they have been. When Sir Henry James, for instance, moved his two amendments on Tuesday he and Mr. Gladstone were quite polite to one another and full of the milk of human kindness. But directly Mr. Chamberlain intervened the milk turned sour at once, as at the bursting of a thunderstorm. Those who disagree with Mr. Chamberlain simply hate him while he is speaking; for he is a speaker who gives no quarter, and presses every point home to the quick. So that the effect is to expose Gladstonian difficulties and inconsistencies, no doubt, but also to steel most of those who would avow them and be inclined to make amends into dogged acceptance of the situation. Time will yet tell, and Mr. Chamberlain's extraordinarily vigorous criticism of the tricks and turns to which Gladstonians are put must bear fruit in the country. But in the House itself the result is to make Gladstonian defections less likely than if he were not the leader of the party to which the defections would be an addition. With all Mr. Chamberlain's dialectical skill, that is what the Unionist party loses in the House of Commons by the loss of Lord Hartington. There are Liberals who could have rallied round him, or even now round Sir Henry James and Mr. Courtney. But they cannot stomach Mr. Chamberlain; and Mr. Chamberlain is, therefore, responsible to a large extent for keeping the Gladstonians together.

THE IMPERIAL SUPREMACY.

The Tory party, as distinct from the Liberal Unionist, has been made prominent in the discussion so far by the various attempts at defining the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. It has been made very prominent, and Lord Randolph Churchill, in particular, very prominent as its leader, by the fact that for ten days the Government resisted in various shapes and forms all the suggestions for introducing words expressly declaring that supremacy. If ever time was wasted, it was wasted by the Government over this point, as they had to accept Sir Henry James's amendment on Clause 2 after all. Wasted, that is, as far as progress with the Bill was concerned; probably not wasted, if all were known as to the inner councils of the Cabinet and the bargain with the Irish party. They wanted to get Mr. Mellor into training. As to that, as the lawyers say, *non constat*. It is still asserted that the Committee will be through within the forty days originally predicted. So far, the record stands at two clauses, one amendment carried, and another (on the equality of the two Chambers) to be admitted later.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

We are at Whitsuntide, and have come to another halt over the Home Rule Bill. We have disposed of two clauses in Committee. Thirty-eight more remain, and there are in addition the lengthy and complicated schedules. "Shall we get it through?" is the question on every lip. Let me enumerate the pros and cons of the argument against getting it through. We have (1) the acknowledged inefficiency of the Chairman. There is no good in disguising Mr. Mellor's inferiority. We have had good Chairmen of Committee and bad Chairmen. Mr. Bonham-Carter, Lord Playfair, and others belonged to the last category; Mr. Courtney, Mr. Dodson (now Lord Monk Bretton), to the first. Mr. Mellor is certainly a poor conductor of the business of the House. He is not strong; he is swayed to and fro by one party and another; he is not firm; he will persist in giving reasons for his decisions and allowing members to argue them out with him; he does not know the forms of the House very well; he does not pounce on disorderly speeches, and he commits the fault of allowing unnecessary and time-wasting divisions to be taken when he might with a little management persuade the House to forego the luxury of spending so many minutes in the stifling lobbies. In a word, he is slow and he is maladroit, and these are faults which cannot be cured, and which mean, perhaps, that we shall spend three more weeks in Committee than we need do. Then there is (2) the double game played by the Opposition in general and by Mr. Chamberlain (its real leader) and Mr. Balfour in particular. For that reason we have, as Mr. Balfour foreshadowed, two sorts of amendments, the amending amendment and the destroying amendment. One moment Mr. Gladstone is meeting a motion of the first character, the next he is trying to bear down a resolution of the second. A third reason is that with all his genius and resource—and the old man was never in more remarkable form than he shows to-day—he is not the best pilot for Committee. He talks too much and too often. So the wheels of the Home Rule chariot creak and groan painfully—even more painfully than they need do if a little tactful lubricant were now and then applied. The temper of the old man is, on the whole, magnificent, but his enthusiasm sometimes gets the better of his discretion.

IN OUR FAVOUR.

Now let me take the other side. There is first the fact that the Government is still strong, that its majority is keeping up steadily, that it is magnificently whipped by Mr. Marjoribanks, and that there are no signs of a cave worth noticing. We have had one or two "nasty" speeches from Sir Edward Reed and Mr. Bolton. But they were not anti-Home Rule speeches, and, moreover, both these gentlemen have always been known as "kickers." Sir Edward has taken the bit between his teeth more than once, and run away in a rather queer and awkward fashion. Mr. Bolton, who looks like Jerome Napoleon, and is a typical *bourgeois* lawyer, Conservative at heart, and never much of a Home Ruler, was nothing like so combative as he might have been. Beyond these two men, and an occasional flight of rather tricky independence from Mr. Storey, there is nothing. The men below the gangway are Ministerialist to a man—almost too Ministerialist, for my liking, on social questions. The Irishmen, also, stick to their work like niggers, and never miss a division. They, too, are admirably whipped, and never seem to tire. On the other hand, I think I see the signs of *ennui* and fatigued disgust among the Tories. They include young society men, who in these May days will not keep their noses to the grindstone. The result is that, save for the last hour of the sitting, when a good deal of the driving and junketing is over, the "bloods" of the party are rarely polled in full force, and the Government majority tends to go up to fifty instead of sinking below forty. So that the Bill may even pass in the regular fashion, and not so late as some folks fancy.

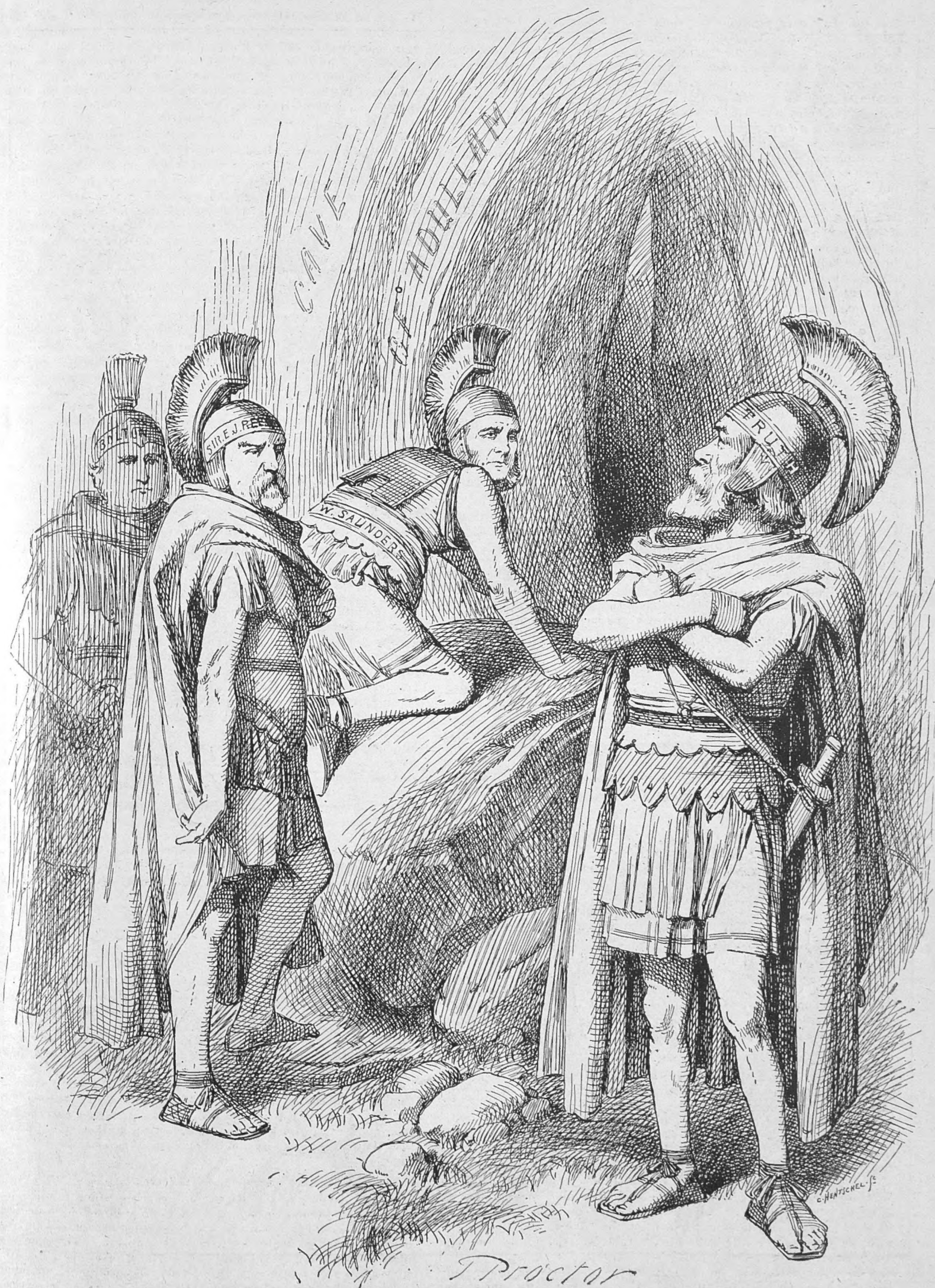
WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

Of course, there is another alternative. The Government, I imagine, will in any case insist on getting the Bill through the Lower House in time for the Lords to throw it out before they go and kill grouse and partridges. But if obstruction does continue to make headway it is impossible not to look forward to some revolutionary expedient, such as naming a day for getting the Bill through Committee and reporting it to the House. If that is done, it is, of course, necessary to obtain the full consent of the entire party. It is a strong step, and only a complete Parliamentary *impasse* would justify it. Mr. Gladstone may feel himself strong enough in another couple of months to try it, and then, though we shall have scenes of convulsed disorder, wild protests, namings, expulsions, and what not, I fancy it would succeed. In fact, the Tories may be playing up for revolution, as they have played more than once in our rough island story. I think they stand to lose more than they can possibly gain, but that is their look-out.

NO SOLDIERS ADMITTED.

The other day, just before the break-up for Whitsuntide, the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons, which is often lit up by the flash of Oriental turbans and the soft yellow-gold draperies of our Indian visitors to the Institute, was brightened by the row of Australian redecoats, looking bright and trim and soldierly. The men were also admitted to the august presence of the House of Lords. But are any of my readers aware of the fact that soldiers in uniform are not admitted to the gilded chamber, and that a special permit had to be given to the Australians? I hope Radicals will take note of this. It will be an excellent addition to the sum of the misdemeanours of the Peers.

THE CARTOON OF THE WEEK.





LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The weather was, happily, much cooler on the varnishing day at the Champ de Mars Exhibition. The place was crowded, and there seems to be no doubt as to its artistic and financial success. I noticed Mrs. H. M. Stanley and her mother, Mrs. Tennant, being escorted by M. Coquelin, also M. Carolus-Duran with M. Gervex and his pretty young bride, whose portrait by her husband is one of the best pictures in the galleries. The President of the Champ de Mars Exhibition sends a huge cartoon, entitled "Hommage de Victor Hugo à la Ville de Paris," which attracted great attention and admiration. Among others present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Clarke, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Jan van Beers, Mrs. Robbins, Mr. de Costa, &c.

Mr. Carolus-Duran's picture exhibited in the Salon has been bought by the French Government. The picture is named "Un Soir dans l'Oise."

The death has occurred lately of M. Adolphe Goupil of congestion of the lungs, at the age of eighty-seven. He founded the house which for many years bore his name, and to which have succeeded MM. Boussod and Valadon. He was officer of the Legion of Honour. He leaves two daughters—one the wife of the celebrated artist Gérôme, whose studio is just opposite the Moulin Rouge, and the other is married to M. Léon Clery.

A fencing school is about to be established at Monte Carlo, so if there is any unpleasantness over stakes, &c., it will come in very handy. M. Edmond Dolfus, the well-known Parisian master, is to be president, and the committee formed comprises the names of various prominent people from the different European countries. There will be arranged also international tournaments, so doubtless this science, which of late years has become unfashionable, will be revived somewhat.

Two Englishmen have been sentenced at Nice to five and three years' imprisonment respectively, for stealing jewels of the value of £800 from Madame Théo, the actress, last Christmas.

Princess Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, are staying at the Hôtel Liverpool, under the names of Lord and Lady Sundridge. Her Royal Highness generally visits the studios of various painters while visiting Paris, and is, consequently, very popular in the artistic world.

Princess Waldemar of Denmark has left Paris, although still suffering greatly from her foot. The Princess went straight home to Copenhagen, and was accompanied the whole way by her brother, the Prince Jean d'Orléans, who is simply devoted to his sister.

From the *Figaro*—

Par ce temps de duels, un joli mot d'un de nos bretteurs les plus illustres. On nommait devant le terrible Choequart un personnage pour lequel il professait une vive antipathie.

"Ah! vous parlez de X." s'écrie-t-il, "je crois bien, si je ne m'abuse, que j'irai lui tirer les oreilles un de ces jours."

"Pourquoi?" demandent en chœur les assistants.

"Pourquoi? pourquoi? Si je le savais, j'irais tout de suite!"

The concert given at the mansion of the Countess of Caithness, noticed in this column the other day, was in aid of Mrs. Lewis's home at 18, Rue de Milan. Washington House is quite distinct from the new home for American girls in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

M. Gontaut-Biron, who married a daughter of M. de Lesseps, has lately been the hero of an amusing, if disagreeable, episode. It seems that, being in want of money, he fell into the hands of some money-lenders, who consented to lend him the filthy lucre at ordinary percentage. Thinking that they were unusually honest and modest in their demands, M. Gontaut-Biron joyfully signed the papers they presented without reading them over. A few days later he was horrified to find that he had made himself unknowingly a partner of a firm of chimney-sweeps which was declared bankrupt. He was accordingly served with a writ from the Bankruptcy Court, his "friends in need" thinking to extort money from his family, who would be so ashamed to think of their relative appearing in court as a chimney-sweep. However, they were not so silly, and the case has been gone into, with the result that the would-be swindlers have got three years' imprisonment. They had promised M. Gontaut-Biron 30,000 fr., but he had only received 3000 fr.; so they richly deserved their punishment.

On disait devant la petite Lili, une jeune personne de sept ans, que M. de X. était parti pour l'étranger, abandonnant sa femme.

"Pauvre femme!" s'écrie la fillette, "si le bon Dieu lui envoie des enfants, ils n'auront plus de père."

Since writing the above we have had a steady downfall of rain for six hours, which has done endless good, although a week's rain is the thing needed. It has freshened up the trees and flowers wonderfully, and in the Bois to-day the scent of the acacias was almost overpowering. The sky looks downcast still, so, with good luck, I hope we shall get more before this will appear in print.

MIMOSA.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, May 17, 1893.

In consequence of the coming holidays, you will, no doubt, as at Easter, forgive us for writing to you in the middle of this week and not at the end.

Paralysis is the only word which expresses the situation in relation to either investment or speculation, while general and hopeless demoralisation reigns supreme upon the Stock Exchange. It is true we have got over the account with eleven or twelve failures, of which only one is of real importance, but the number of members who were helped, or rather carried over, and whose position must from account to account cause uneasiness, is so large that even to you, dear Sir, we would rather not do more than hint at it.

The full significance of the Australian position was not known or even guessed at on this side until Monday last, when the suspension of the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney opened the eyes of even the blindest among us to the fact that we were face to face with a crisis the like of which not even the oldest member of the "House" can remember.

The suspension of four banks of considerable importance in two days would at any time create a general scare, but when among the four are reckoned the bankers of the Queensland Government and another institution which was supposed to be the richest and most prosperous bank in Australia, it is not a matter of wonder that Queensland $3\frac{1}{2}$ stock is quoted nominally at about 75, or that New South Wales and Victorian Government securities are very little better.

The Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, which for over twenty years has paid regular dividends of 25 per cent., and built up a reserve fund larger than its paid-up capital, was reported the soundest bank in Australia, and for years its shares have stood at about 360 per cent. premium, until they came to be looked upon very much in the light of trust securities, and yet such is the state of the public mind in Australia that within three weeks over a million has been withdrawn across the counter in the wild scramble among depositors and others to get out. What men are asking themselves and whispering to one another about all this is, if such things can be done to the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, what is going on with the institutions which are left? Thirteen banks have failed this year, with about eighty-six millions owing to depositors and customers, of which, perhaps, thirty millions represent English or Scotch money, and with a paid-up capital of over eight millions. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the Stock Exchange is in a state of collapse, especially when in addition we have the practical certainty of default by Greece, and a sudden withdrawal of a large part of the money which the Scotch banks have been in the habit of loaning from account to account upon the market?

The result is that to-day in many of the markets jobbers refuse to make prices, while in the Kaffir Circus things like Chartered Company's shares or goldfields of South Africa, although quoted in the various lists sent out, are for all practical purposes unsaleable.

You ask us, dear Sir, what on earth the position of affairs in Australia or Greece has to do with the value of gold-mining shares in South Africa or of Argentine Railways? Intrinsically, perhaps, nothing at all, but from the point of view of a would-be buyer or seller everything in the world, because men are beginning to ask themselves whether such a crisis as we are passing through in Australia and in things Australian can end there, and already there are flying from mouth to mouth stories about big mercantile houses against whose fair fame it would have been treason even to whisper suspicion not three months ago; while the Scotch people have been so hardly hit as creditors of the colonial banks that it would not be very astonishing if they began to doubt some of their own institutions, and, dear Sir, if that torch was once lighted, the fire would probably consume many a building which is supposed to be fireproof to-day.

It is useless to go over the markets to you; in some you can "do a deal," in most it has become something like a matter of negotiation; while among banks and mining securities it is quite impossible in the majority of cases to sell at any price. Fortunately, you have never been induced by us to buy anything as a speculation for months, and these are not times for you to throw upon the market any single security we have purchased for you this year. The wise man will, as far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, hand the key of his strong box to his banker, and go away for his Whitsuntide holidays, forgetting all about market prices, panics, suspensions, and such-like horrors, and hoping to come back in a few weeks' time and pick up such cheap lots of wreckage as he may be able to raise cash enough to buy and pay for.

Wishing you a pleasant vacation, and trusting you may be philosopher enough to follow our advice,

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, and CO.



MR. CHEVALIER SINGING "MY OLD DUTCH."

A Sketch from Life.

MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER.

When I called on the Coster Laureate a few mornings ago he had just finished his breakfast and was enjoying "the sweetest pipe of the day" as he sat before his writing-table in his "den," arrayed in a bright-

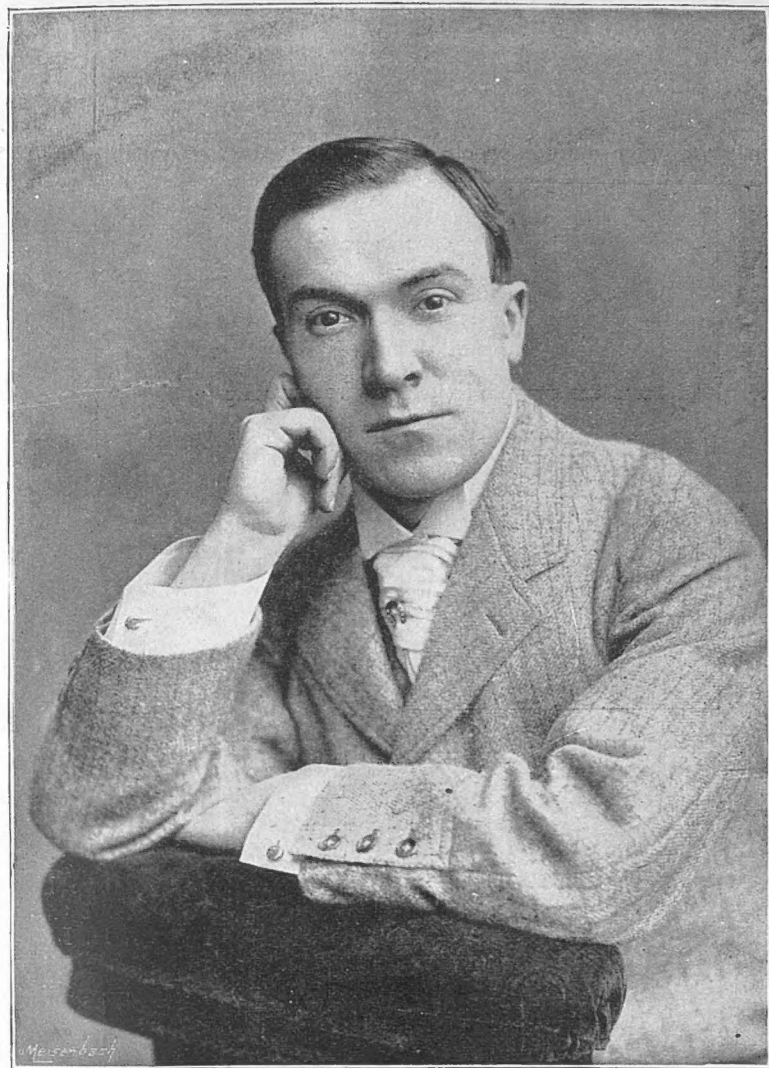


Photo by Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER.

coloured blazer and dittos of flannel. Albert Chevalier is certainly very original. He has the oddest idea possible of an interview. The first thing he did was to fit me out with a "yard of clay," his next was to ask if I liked card tricks, and before I could reply out came a pack of cards, and such wonders did he show that I am not surprised that the coloured paste-boards have been called the "Devil's play-things." His dark eyes twinkled with amusement as I expressed my astonishment.

"Oh, I am not a patch on G. W. Hunter, the comic vocalist; he is the cleverest hand I know. He'll do the same trick in three or four different ways," said my host.

"But, really, Mr. Chevalier, we must get to work. The tricks are pretty enough, but I can't put them into *The Sketch*, you know. Come, tell me something about your coster life at the East End."

"There is no real need to go to Whitechapel at all, for that matter. Go into the street anywhere, get on a 'bus and keep your eyes open, and you'll hear coster patter enough, and the funniest and wittiest things. Why, the original of the Little Nipper I dropped on quite close by here, in Hammersmith. However, naturally, in the neighbourhood of the docks you are more likely to

hear the peculiar coster language, which is full of obviously foreign words, such as 'donah,' 'casa,' and the like. One is constantly coming across Mexican, Romy, and Yiddish terms. Some expressions are very odd, and seem to have no affinity to anything—for instance, 'mince-pies' for eyes, 'round-me-houses' for trousers. And the cut of East-End clothes is distinctly of foreign importation. The number of buttons and the bell-like bottoms of the trousers are undoubtedly of Mexican origin. Would you like to see an East-End tailor's handbill?—for all my 'property' clothes are of genuine make."

And Mr. Chevalier fished out the bill in question, from which I make an excerpt or two for the edification of our readers—

SAUCY CUT TOGGERY

Of every description. If you have not tried my workmanship, do so. One trial will prove that I aim at Perfect Fit, and having a Large Assortment of CORDS, MOLESKINS, DOESKINS, TWEEDS, WORSTEDS, AND BEDFORDS IN EVERY COLOUR,

Earnestly solicit the custom of Working Men.

Cut slap up with Fakement Seams, and little artful Buttons at the Bottom for Lardy Dardy Blades on the High Fly from 15 bob.

Cut very serious to suit Yokels, Dustmen, Sneaks, Mushroom Fakers, Sparrow Starvers, Tea-Kettle Purgers, Trottermen, Costers, Actors, Parsons, Bruisers, and Seedy Toffs.

PEG-TOPS, BELL-BOTTOMS, TIGHTS, OR HALF-TIGHTS, OR DROP OVER THE TROTTERS FROM 10s. 6d. to 20s. BLACK OR DANDY VESTS MADE TO FLASH THE RAG OR DICKEY, OR TIGHT UP ROUND THE SCRAG FROM SIX AND A TANNER.

Meltons in every colour, built Spanky to suit the Ikey and Flimy Lads of the surrounding neighbourhood.

"I expect you found Whitechapel pretty rough in its tongue and temper, Mr. Chevalier?"

"Yes, it's rather rough, but it's more a veneer than anything else, like the affectation of the 'haw-haw' drawl and supercilious manner of



Photo by Maenab, Glasgow.

AS THE AUTHOR IN "THE FIRST NIGHT."

the West-End swell, hiding, however, a manly enough chap among his own set. So when you get beneath the surface of the true coster you will be surprised to find how much underlying sentiment there is—nay, even, I may say, real poetry—in his nature."

"And it is the reproduction of this pathos and delicacy of feeling, so characteristic of your songs, which assure their success, undoubtedly," I remarked.

"Well, I suppose so. Anyhow, I know they are true to life; there's real human nature in them. That's the worst of the so-called 'replies' to my songs: few, if any, have got the right backbone in them. There is no use in stringing a lot of slang language together with no natural human motive. That is merely vulgarising vulgarity. There must always be a love interest of some sort, filial, parental, conjugal,



Photo by B. Chevalier, Bishop's Road, W.

HOW HE "KNOCKED 'EM IN THE OLD KENT ROAD."

and the funniest and wittiest things. Why, the original of the Little Nipper I dropped on quite close by here, in Hammersmith. However, naturally, in the neighbourhood of the docks you are more likely to

or amatory. Why, I saw a song the other day which actually set forth the abusive language of a young nipper against his drunken father, whereas the real boy would think his father could do no wrong, and that his drunkenness was a manly virtue, if anything; that would be the life-picture."

"But you have not won your histrionic laurels entirely in kickseys, I think, Mr. Chevalier?"

"Oh, no! It was not till I appeared as Abanazar in 'Aladdin' that I caught on so successfully as a coster. It's curious how one gets associated with this or that business. When I first obtained a start I used to do all broken English parts, then got cast for old men; afterwards there was a run on me for burlesque—that was after my success in 'The Prima Donna' at the Avenue; and now I'm in for the music halls. Rather a funny turn in the wheel of fortune for a man whose people have been chiefly parsons, eh?" he slyly remarked; but, really, when you come to look at the features of his closely shaven face they have quite a "reverend" cast. Besides, Chevalier is not always fooling. His bookshelves tell a different tale; indeed, he is as likely to lure you into a discussion on Eastern faiths and mystic lore as to amuse you with his card tricks or to sing a comic song. However,

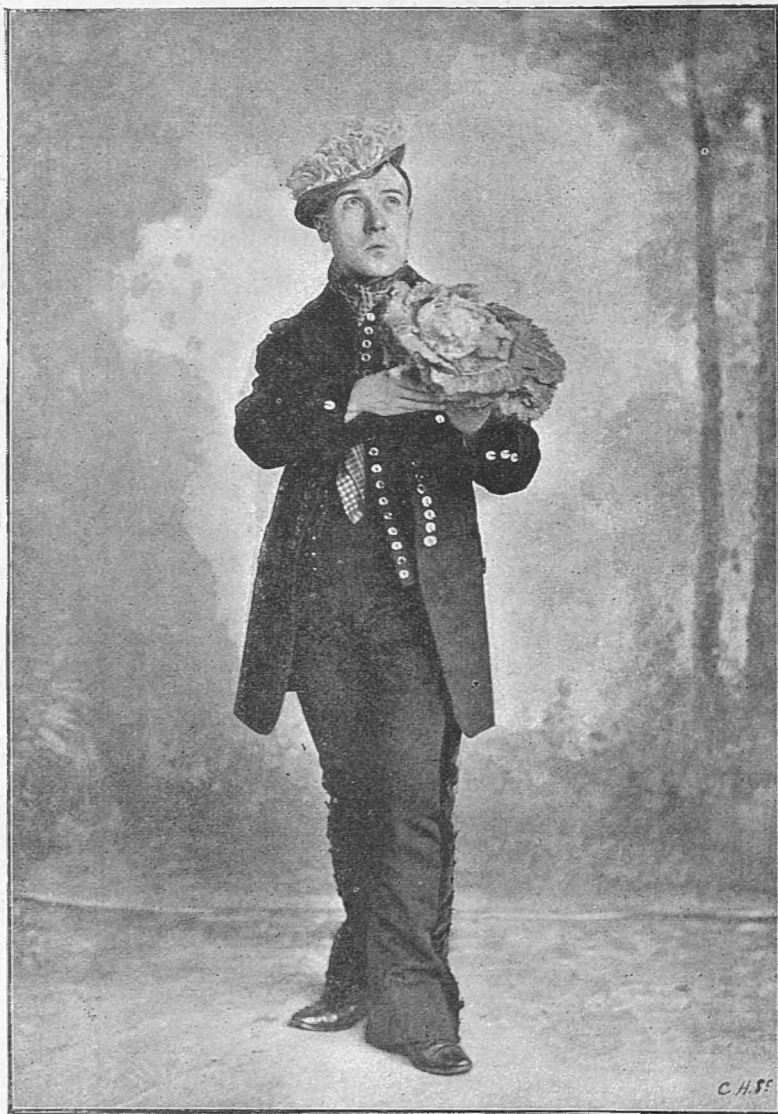


Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

"THE COSTER'S SERENADE."

"Zanoni," Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism," and Jennings's "Rosicrucians," with the orations of Lacordaire, and the biographies of De Mirecourt seem rather odd food for the mind that evolved "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins," and "My Old Dutch." Presently he picked up a fiddle curiosity, made out of a cigar-box, and thrummed away a tune to the commentary I dragged out of him on A. Bryan's caricatures and the odds and ends of prints and pictures hanging on his walls.

"And how do you like singing at the fashionable 'At Homes'?" I asked next.

"I never do now, in spite of offers. Once I appeared in a West-End drawing-room, and that particular time the *Graphic* artist happened to sketch me as you see on the wall there. No, I dislike singing in society. I prefer my audience to be concealed by the footlights—indeed, for the auditorium to be in darkness, and its attention entirely concentrated on the stage, an idea, by-the-way, borrowed from the Lyceum."

"And have you gone in for play-writing, Mr. Chevalier?"

"If you had seen the baskets and bundles of stuff upstairs you would not have asked the question. I have, however, had one farce accepted, 'Cycling,' which was put on at the Strand before 'Katti,' and I have tinkered two or three burlesques, and am part author of a farcical comedy. No, I have had greater success with my songs, the music



Photo by B. Chevalier, Bishop's Road, W.

AS "SARAH GAMP."

written mostly by my brother, Charles Ingle, John Crook, Edward Jones, F. L. Schneider, &c. I have been guilty of perpetrating one or two tunes myself, 'Mrs. 'Awkins,' for instance."

Here Albert Chevalier, with a few final chords, put down his banjo, an action which reminded me that it was about time I took up my hat.

T. H. L.

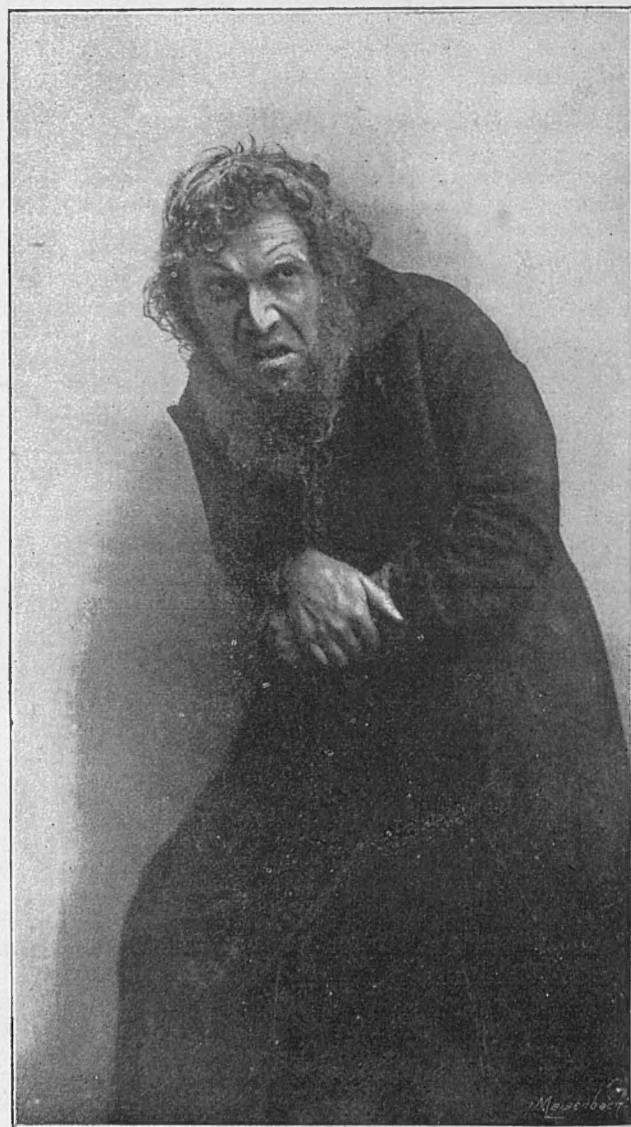


Photo by B. Chevalier, Bishop's Road, W.

AS "FAGIN THE JEW."

SMALL TALK.

What strange things happen every hour that nobody knows anything about! At the Drawing Room, the other day, a lady went up for presentation, and could not find the Queen's hand for the necessary and hurried embrace. A panic seized her as she looked everywhere, but vainly, in the ample folds of the sable gown. "Kiss her Majesty's hand," said the Lord Chamberlain, stonily. All very well, but the royal member was not forthcoming. "Kiss her Majesty's hand," repeated her Majesty's Minister with polite displeasure. Our unfortunate lady grew desperate, and on the spur of the moment looked up in the Queen's face and said, "Your hand, please, Ma'am." Her Majesty murmured something, the necessary ceremony was at last performed, and in half the time it takes to tell an agitated stockbroker's wife was recounting the incident outside the Throne Room to her sister. The fatigue and excitement of this burdensome function are plainly too much for her Majesty's strength.

Lord Clifden's splendid French table that I mentioned a week or two ago fetched a long price, considerably over two thousand guineas—a great compliment this to the knowledge of his business displayed by the Bond Street dealer to whom I alluded in this connection. But, perhaps, the most remarkable thing in the Clifden sale was the sum realised by four pictures in the small but important collection. A Velasquez, a Sir Joshua, and two Rembrandts were sold for £21,000. The prices obtainable for the works of some of our native artists have of late years shown a sad falling off, but such masters as Reynolds never fail in securing "big money" for fine examples. For the "Lady Price," the picture in question, Sir Joshua was paid, I believe, less than a hundred guineas, and it sold the other day for nearly four thousand. Turning over some newspapers of almost a century ago, I came across the account of a picture sale at "Christie's great room in Pall Mall," when "that most capital and matchless set of originals of the 'Marriage à la Mode,'" to quote the advertisement, was knocked down to Mr. Angerstein for one thousand guineas! What would they fetch, I wonder, at "Christie's great room" in King Street in 1893?

No City parson is better known or more affectionately regarded than the Rev. William Rogers, of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, who for thirty years has reigned as rector of the parish, and who a few days ago laid the foundation-stone of the Bishopsgate Institute. A fine, athletic-looking old gentleman is Mr. Rogers, one of the old school, who was a clever cross-country rider till some years ago, when he was lamed by an unfortunate accident. Those who have enjoyed the genial hospitality of the fine old red-brick Rectory House in Devonshire Square will forget neither the host nor his home, for the house is full of the memories of many a well-known man, and here, I have been told, those doughty champions of Broad Church and Nonconformity, Dean Stanley and Spurgeon, broke a lance on the subject of Baptismal Regeneration.

In a chatty article on Sir Blundell Maple a writer in a contemporary tells an amusing anecdote of that gentleman and Colonel North. I would point out, with all due deference, that with regard to the verbal encounter which he describes he is not quite right in his facts. The combatants were not Sir Blundell Maple and Colonel North, but the brother of the former gentleman and Mr. Sam Lewis, and the locality was the racecourse, not the railway station. Said Mr. Maple, as he passed the cheery little money-lender, "Hullo, Lewis, how's your money in Cork Street?" "Rather tight," came Sam Lewis's reply. "How are slop-pails in Tottenham Court Road?" By-the-way, now I come to think of it, I am not sure it was "slop-pails"; but I think I may vouch for my version being the correct one, as I had it from one of the principals concerned.

It is not only in Japan that "things are so different." In New York, the other day, Miss May Robson was asked to play a part which included a *cancan*. Being herself no dancer, had it occurred in England, she would, no doubt, have sought refuge in the County Court. Instead of this, she promptly invented an artificial leg, and did such high-kicking with its assistance as surely the world had never before seen. The third leg was worked with steel springs from the hips, and was concealed by the length and fulness of the dress worn with it—in fact, no one knew that it existed, until at the conclusion of the dance the dress was slightly raised, and perfectly sober people saw three legs instead of two. All New York went to see this "freak" dance, until another young lady, Miss Ruth Ward, went one leg better and capered with four, being thus able to have both her apparent legs above her head at the same moment. On Monday night the world of London was introduced to this latter variety of the "freak" dance at the Palace Theatre. Its exponents are the fair Sisters Lloyd, whose nimble and graceful dancing—each with her own natural pair of nether limbs—no doubt inspired Sir Augustus Harris with the belief that they would make an unparalleled sensation with four apiece. Such anticipations were scarcely realised on the opening night, although the "turn" won loud applause. Still, dancing with only a couple of feet takes some learning, and it may well be that the use of four does not come naturally. That the performance had been insufficiently rehearsed was evidenced by the "yamping" that was noticeable in the orchestra.

Samuel Weller's definition of a "swarry" was, as will be remembered, "boiled leg of mutton and trimmings." The Society of

Lady Artists have naturally other views on the subject, and their hospitality took the more ordinary form of a "crush" at the Maddox Street Galleries on the 15th. Mrs. Marrable, the President, received the crowds of visitors with graceful geniality, and then they tried their best to enjoy the pictures under conditions reminding one of a Turkish bath. The music, it must be owned, was not as interesting as the canvases on the walls or the gay costumes of guests—but it was "sufficient." One gown was decidedly tasteful, being a harmony of spring green and carnation; another showed how well heliotrope and white combine; a third was an effective contrast of pale yellow trimmed with fine old English lace.

The Duke of York and his *fiancée* have this week employed some of their scanty leisure in *tête-à-tête* drives in the Prince of Wales's private hansom, a smart, withal very quiet, vehicle, familiar to those who keep a watch on his Royal Highness's unofficial movements. There are few places, when one comes to think of it, where a couple can be more efficiently chaperoned by the public and yet more absolutely alone than in one of our London gondolas. As for that willing third, the driver, he cannot even hear a sentence directly addressed to him, far less follow a quiet conversation.

Extraordinary interest in the Home Rule Bill continues to be taken by the fair sex. The ladies' gallery in the House of Commons is crammed during the day as well as evening, and "dinner at the House" has become quite an institution instead of an exception, while about five o'clock on a fine afternoon—and lately we have been in a world where it is always afternoon—the terrace presents more the appearance of a smart tea party than anything else. This was especially the case on the day of Captain Boyton's walking-on-the-water feat, and those who were disappointed with the show had, at least, the consolation of seeing many M.P.'s at close quarters who are generally conspicuous by their absence, rather than their presence, on the terrace. One pleasant feature of these little social gatherings is that at them politics are forgotten, shelved for the time being, and the lion and the lamb, forgetting their late differences, lie down together, and make the time pass pleasantly for Primrose dame and Liberal Federation woman alike.

One incident of the royal procession progress on the opening day of the Imperial Institute contained a sufficient amount of pathos and bathos to fill a column, yet was probably unnoticed by more than a dozen or so of the enormous crowd of onlookers. From the vantage ground of a hospitable balcony at Hyde Park House my attention was, however, frequently riveted by the number of fainting females who were helped across the road along which the procession passed by stalwart bobbies, and received by gallant privates on the other side. There was a cosy grass-plot, assigned with admirable forethought to children and invalids, just facing the Embassy. Of course, one was all sympathy for the sufferers, while, at the same time, the spectacle of stout—very stout—old ladies in a state of suspended animation and trailing legs was irresistibly comic, and as each one was hoisted over the railings the temptation to laugh was heartily, I fear, given way to.

Lady Granby has quite a small gallery of her own at the Grafton. The pretty little vestibule is well coloured with her charming pencil work, and had an admiring audience of statesmen, soldiers, and peaceably-minded "others" on Private View day. The first ladies' night of the Gallery Club at the Grafton on Tuesday was a great affair, by-the-way—rank, fashion, and otherwise well in view. The old dilettante pictures were the subject of much wonder and admiration in the pauses of a miraculously good supper. "Our only charcutier" knows how to do the thing.

I ran up to Scotland for a week's fishing lately, and gathered a little of the native train of thought here and there. They speak their minds out, too. I was discussing the end of man or the end of my holiday—I forget which—with the minister after kirk, when a kilted old Sandy hobbled by. "I hope you liked the sermon to-day, Saunders," said the clergyman, referring to an excellent oration by his "sub." "Awcel, Sir," said the MacAlister, dubiously, "it was rather o'er plain and simple for me. I like the discourse that baith jumbles the joodgement and confounds the sense. Od, Sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yoursel' at that." I went hastily home to lunch.

A long array of talented artistes gave their services at the admirable *matinée* arranged by the "Savages" for the benefit of the widow of poor Ernest Lake, the talented organist and composer, at the Criterion Theatre, generously lent by Mr. Wyndham for the occasion. With such singers as Mr. Oudin, Mr. Ben Davies, Miss Geraldine Ulmar, and Madame Belle Cole to represent the more serious side of their art, with Mr. Chevalier and Mr. Arthur Roberts, each inimitable, to provide the comic musical element, with Miss Alma Murray to recite with admirable spirit and faultless elocution Mr. Alfred Forman's popular translation of Victor Hugo's "Vanished City," and with Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Harry Monkhouse and Miss Susie Vaughan to delight us with a pair of amusing duologues, it is not surprising that the audience seemed thoroughly satisfied with the entertainment so liberally provided. Miss Lily Linfield proved herself once more a graceful dancer, and Mr. Andrew Levey and his orchestra were, naturally, instrumental in assisting materially in the success of the *matinée*.

ALL ABROAD.

Prince Bismarck, through the electoral campaign in Germany, once again returns into the comparative quiet of his family circle at Friedrichsruhe, for he is not to seek re-election. One of his guests the other week says that at table the Prince drank to "The old time," and said that the Government was very much to blame for the successes of its political opponents through not putting the right man in the right place. "You may believe me," he said, "this is the reason of my sleepless nights, not only now, but also during the last few months I was in office."

The French Colonial party have been beaten all along the line, the Chamber having rejected, although by a narrow majority, the proposal empowering the Government to prepare the constitution of a Ministry of the Colonies.

Anarchy keeps the Paris police busy. The latest seizure would appear to have been just in time, for a large number of instruments of destruction, prepared or in course of preparation, were found in a cabin in the suburbs. Five men have been arrested.

The new Ministry in Greece, under M. Sotiropoulos, proposes to govern the country without having recourse to further loans.

The construction of the Siberian railway is being pushed forward with vigour, the work being chiefly entrusted to the military and

Atlanta has been removed from his command in consequence of his delay in sailing for Nicaragua when ordered to do so.

"The City of Crime": that is what Rosario has come to be known by. All over the Argentine Republic crime has reached fearful proportions. Murder and robbery are almost of daily occurrence, not only in the towns, but in the country, where formerly such crimes were very rare. It is now about fifteen years since the penalty of death has been enforced.

The number of Europeans in Algeria is estimated 550,000, of which scarcely more than a half are French. The natives, of whom there are four millions, are divided into three races—the Arabs, the Kabyles, and a number of scattered tribes.

Mining in the South African gold fields has been very seriously restricted by the thefts of gold amalgam by the employees, conviction in the present state of the Transvaal law being almost impossible. It has been proposed to put gold under the same lines which make diamond buying illicit, and to create a special detective department with large powers of arrest, and the right to arrest and search suspected persons. But so strong a feeling arose in the community that the Bill has been withdrawn in the meantime.

THE AMERICAN AS A JACK SHEPPARD.

The American can do most things cleverly, and Jack Sheppardism is his latest achievement. New York was thrilled one morning recently

by a report that two murderers had escaped from Sing Sing prison, hitherto considered impregnable. Five murderers were waiting in the death prison for the short, sharp shock of the electric chair. This department is only one storey. It merely consists of a corridor and row of eight cells, divided into blocks of four each by a corridor, which leads from the building to that more dreadful building just beyond, which contains the horrible mysteries of the electrical chair. The roof of the condemned house is about fifteen feet from the floor. The cells are not "built in" the walls. They are, rather, huge cages, about eight feet wide and ten feet high. The entire front is a door of iron bars, which swings outward when opened. Through 3-inch slits the light peeps in during the day. Three gas-jets illuminate it at night. Above cell No. 7 is a skylight in the roof, through which access can be had to water-pipes above, which sometimes need looking after. The entrance to this gloomy place is a solid iron door. It locks from the inside, and there are only two other ways to the outer world—through the trap-door and through



Photo by Karl Hahn, Munich.

THE BISMARCK FAMILY.

penitentiary departments, which are said to execute it better than private contractors.

The Custom House authorities at Constantinople class Schlegel's Poems and *Harper's Magazine* as immoral works, and as such confiscate them.

The dearness of bread has led to rioting in Shiraz, Persia, the authorities being accused of forestalling grain.

The famous *New York Herald* has been turned into a joint-stock journal, with a capital of two million dollars.

The heathen Chinese would suffer severely in America but for certain financial considerations. The Supreme Court has decided that the Exclusion Act, requiring the deportation of unregistered Chinese, is constitutional. Only 4000 of the 100,000 Chinese in the country are registered; but over five million dollars would be necessary to carry out the law, while but 36,800 dollars are available for the purpose. Thus the law may remain a dead-letter.

The revolution in Brazil drags on, neither side gaining such a victory as would bring the situation to a crisis. The Nationalist soldiers who have attempted to escape into Uruguay have been driven back by the Uruguayan troops.

The successes of the Nicaraguan revolutionists and their seizure of all canal property do not discourage the capitalists in the United States who are interested in the Nicaragua Canal, because the rebels are in favour of the enterprise. The captain of the United States warship

the death chamber, where is located the electrical chair. Standing in the corridor is a stove on which food can be heated, and leaning against the end of the corridor was a 5-ft. step-ladder. The two men who escaped occupied cells next one another. One of them, feigning sickness, early on the morning of the day of execution, got the warden to heat a pannikin of milk on this stove. The warden entered the cell with the food, when the sick man leaped from his cot, sprang at the keeper, dashing into his face a handful of something so blinding hot and dreadful that the official dropped the pannikin, and found himself disarmed and locked into the cell vacated by the prisoner, who immediately liberated his next-door neighbour. They gave an opportunity of escape to the other three prisoners, but it was declined. Having subdued a second warden, the pair got on to the roof by the skylight and jumped into the prison yard. It was a leap of less than twenty feet. The rain had been falling for sixteen hours. It was a typical night for an escape. The wind howled down the hills, and the rain whipped around the corners of the various prison buildings with spiteful violence. The men found themselves in the south prison yard. On two sides were high prison buildings; on one side was a high stone wall, and on the river front was an iron picket fence. The men easily scaled this fence. Then they walked along it to the upper end, where the prison wall juts out into the river. They had to swim around this to a little dock and protected anchorage, where a steam-yacht and the prison boats lie. Here they got a boat and trusted their lives to the tumultuous Hudson, in which their lifeless bodies have been found. They undoubtedly had perished by the upsetting of their boat, for the river was in flood, and the night wind was, as has been noted, blowing very fiercely. One of their fellow-prisoners whom they invited to escape has since been "electrocuted."



"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

TEA AND TALK.

I have this week met with a volume of promising poems by, to me at least, a new writer, Mr. Charles Weekes. In "Reflections and Refractions" (Unwin) there is a good deal that is worth reading. The poems are not imitative, though here and there they remind us of the mood in which Verlaine looks at nature. Their aim seems to be to reflect the feeling underlying, the atmosphere surrounding, the landscape or the people that are his themes, rather than to reproduce the physical or mental features. This is too difficult a task for all but occasional success, but his success is, at least, noteworthy.

There is a good deal of force in "Louis Verger, being some Sensations of an Assassin," and a fine conception in "The Young Man and his Soul," but there is most promise in the shorter lyrics. The best of these is, I think, "Phthisical." It is less morbid than its name—

Long before the dawn
Yesterday,
Sleepless thro' the twilights fair,
I was somehow drawn
Unaware
Into love of this old earth.

Then the feeling of the sights and sounds of the dawn in the quiet house is given, and the half-articulate sick thoughts of sleeplessness are finely reflected—about the gods that give pain and of themselves give naught therewith—

So we let them live,
Truth or myth,
Finding love for us in some
Poet's rhyme.

Mr. Padgett Martin has a magnificent biographical subject in Lord Sherbrooke. It was not his career only that was interesting. Interesting careers make dull biographies sometimes. It was the man himself, who always escaped being commonplace, no matter what conventional or even Philistine position he took up. The Life (Longmans) is in two bulky volumes, needlessly bulky, for they contain a great deal of repetition, and the good things have to be dug far more than should be necessary. Perhaps the most interesting sections of the book are Lord Sherbrooke's own two short chapters of autobiography and Dr. Jowett's estimate of his friend's character and abilities.

To all but Lord Sherbrooke's intimate friends the book will be a revelation of the amiability and charm of his character, which casual observers never guessed. And never till now will the real difficulties of his career, resulting from his painful defects of sight, have been adequately realised. Mr. Martin has taken endless pains to make the book complete, and has traced the Lowe pedigree—about which Lord Sherbrooke was always supremely indifferent—back to remote ages, and established the kinship of both Hampden and Pym to the stalwart fighter of our days.

Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers has reprinted some of his later *Nineteenth Century* and *Fortnightly* articles under the name of "Science and a Future Life" (Macmillan). The title is the subject of the first of the essays, which deal with subjects literary, religious, and philosophical. However diverse in theme, there is a distinct similarity and consistency in the tone of all of them. Mr. Myers is full of the modern spirit—of yesterday. There is much in the literary and scientific spirit of to-day that is uncongenial to him, and he combats its tendencies in some half-dozen articles, marked by great earnestness and insight. Even those of a different school of thought will find some incontrovertible truth in his criticisms.

"When they come to die, good press-men to the country go," says Menzies. He and his brother journalists, all mild-tongued and poetic, while lamenting the aridity, the timeservingness of their profession, have glimpses at first or second-hand of Arcadie in the course of the year. The din and dust and fag of Fleet Street throw these charming glimpses into relief. But why into a gentle-toned Eclogue has he thrown that bit of horror, Menzies' tale, incongruous and jarring?

Mr. George Moore's "G. M." articles in the *Speaker* were, it seems, chapters from a proposed book. These have now been placed in the sequence originally intended and reprinted, and as they stand, in "Modern Painting" (W. Scott), they form a pretty complete survey of modern pictorial art in London and Paris. Very good reading they are, too, for Mr. Moore undoubtedly has one great advantage over his rivals in art criticism in that he can write.

It is a very sane volume. When he fights the Philistine—and he does it *à outrance*—he generally uses reasonable weapons, and his diatribe, if they are very cocksure, at least have the ring of conviction. Only now and again does one come across an extravagance like the assertion that the portrait of Miss Alexander is the most beautiful picture in the world.

The wittiest chapters are, perhaps, those on "The Patrons of Art" and "The Alderman in Art," but the one where he speaks the most needed sense and truth is that on "The Organisation of Art," and readers will understand by art literature too, which in its higher forms is just as much of an unorganised and unorganisable "gypsy." It is trite appreciation that speaks in the words, "I would turn art adrift, titleless, R.A.-less, out into the street and field, where, under the light of his original stars, the impassioned vagrant might dream once more, and for the mere sake of dreaming." O. O.

"And cars are going out of fashion," said the Hostess; "dear me, I wonder what part of ourselves we shall lose next?"

"Fashion is a regular bed of Procrustes," said the Girton Girl; "she is always lopping us off in some direction, or stretching us out in another. I am sure I missed my waist most dreadfully when it was the fashion to wear Empire gowns."

"We shall miss our cars even more," said the Lady Journalist. "There is a good deal of character about cars; but we are to cover them up with soft, fluffy curls and to draw our hair up high at the back."

"It is a revival from the days of our mothers," said the Hostess. "I had an aunt who was considered extremely fast because she rode in a hansom cab and showed her ears. Neither of these things were considered modest in those days, and she indulged in both."

"I don't believe the fashion will ever catch on in England," said the Smart Woman, "whatever they may choose to do in Paris. I have only seen one woman who has made a success of it in London; but, then, she is a daughter of a millionaire."

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said the Mere Man, tentatively.

"It has everything to do with it," said the Smart Woman. "People who are nobodies should not attempt striking styles. You look at them at once and say, 'Who is that?' and if they are nobody you are annoyed. You feel there is nothing to justify them."

"What about the bazaars?" asked the Hostess.

"I went to both," said the Lady Journalist. "There was only one smart stall at the Jubilee Hospital one, and it was kept by the Countess de la Warr. Her pretty daughter, Lady Mary Sackville, was very much admired. She was dressed entirely in white, with a big white hat trimmed with feathers, and turned up at one side with a rosette."

"I always envy her her hair," said the Smart Woman; "it is such a beautiful shade of auburn. But I thought the Marchioness Desain looked the smartest—such a pretty organdy muslin, trimmed with mauve and amber ribbon, and a becoming little hat trimmed with lilac."

"I went to the Royal School of Art Needlework Bazaar," remarked the Mere Man. "I bought a half-a-crown address-book from Princess Christian: what an awfully good saleswoman she is!"

"She worked so hard," said the Lady Journalist, "and seemed quite as pleased to sell a half-crown article as a guinea one. There were some awfully pretty women at her stall—Mrs. Grant, of Glen Morrison, for one, and Miss Bonyngé for another."

"Have you seen the portrait exhibition at the Grafton Gallery?" asked the Girton Girl. "The foreign painters beat our men hollow. I can't get Gervex's picture out of my head. And I am also dreadfully haunted by Boldini's terrible 'Monsieur A.' He looks a cross between a vampire and an Inquisitor."

"I was at the Private View," said the Smart Woman, "but I didn't see the pictures. I was too much taken up with the people. It was awfully smart, and I never saw so many brocades worn in the day time. One woman was in silver-grey brocade, so light as to be almost white, and she wore a bonnet in a lovely shade of pink. And another was in pink and pale green brocade, with a deep flounce gathered at the top so as to show a pink satin lining."

"Lady Coleridge wore the most fascinating jacket," said the Young Girl. "It was the lightest shade of tan, beautifully embroidered in black and silver spangles. Her dress was black satin, and she wore a tiny black bonnet, with lace wings like the horns of a butterfly."

"Who else was there?" said the Hostess. "I always like to hear about the gowns."

"Lady Wentworth, in black," replied the Smart Woman; "Lady Dorothy Neville, in a long black satin coat, with the seams outlined in gold embroidery, and a green velvet bonnet trimmed with Russian violets; Mrs. Arthur Lewis, in terra-cotta shot with green; Mr. Oscar Wilde, with a red rose in his buttonhole; lots of painters—Mr. Phil Morris, Mr. Shannon and Mr. David Murray; Mrs. Jopling Rowe, in mauve with a pale green vest and pale green kid gloves, looking exactly like her portrait by Millais. Ashby-Sterry, and Mr. Pinero, and Prince Troubetzkoy, who was the handsomest man in the gallery by far. And I met Mr. Richard Davy, who said it was so hot he thought he had got into the School of Cookery by mistake."

"I have just been reading Wordsworth's 'Unpublished Letters,'" said the Girton Girl. "I am so glad to find that Mrs. Wordsworth didn't like that poem he wrote about her plainness. I had always suspected she must have disliked it, and it appears that it annoyed her very much."

"I should think it was eminently calculated to do so," replied the Hostess. "'Your qualities outshine your charms' is the back-handed compliment of the mignonette."

"If men really want to please us, they should praise us for qualities we do not possess," said the Girton Girl; "they should tell a clever woman she is lovely, and admire the wit of the brainless beauty."

"Thou art not fair to outward view!" quoted the Finished Flirt. "What a horrible admission! And from Wordsworth, too, who was so excessively plain himself! I wonder he had the courage to write it! I hope, if ever anybody writes poetry to me, they won't begin their verses like that!"

"There is no fear of that," murmured the Mere Man, with an admiring glance, as the Finished Flirt rose to take leave. L. H. A.

AN HOUR WITH DR. PARKER.

"Lyndhurst Gardens? If you take the first turning to the left, keep straight on till——"

"Ah, thank you, very much."

Dr. Parker is that of a strong man and a born orator. There is strength of will in the long upper lip and eloquence in the mobile mouth.

But time is valuable, and with a wicked desire to rouse the lion at once, as well as to elicit his views upon some questions of the moment, I fire the first shot.

"Well, Dr. Parker, I suppose you, at all events, don't believe that Christianity is played out?"

Springing to his feet, with kindling eyes, he responds promptly enough.

"Christianity played out? I should as soon think of asking, Is the sun played out? Is mankind played out? Christians make a mistake in pulling themselves to pieces. I take Christianity for granted. It is in the world. It is working in the world. It must be judged by its results."

"And you are content to judge it by its work alone?"

"Perfectly. But I distinguish between Christianity and a miserable thing called Churchianity. In that I have little faith."

"You don't like anything approaching priestcraft?"

"I hate it, and Churchcraft, too. And I hate Popery, whether at Rome, Canterbury, or Holborn Viaduct. I don't hate the old gentleman in the Vatican, but I hate the Pope which is in everybody—a dissenting Pope quite as much as a Roman Catholic."

"Turning to mundane matters, Dr. Parker; what do you think about the unemployed?"

"Well, I met the unemployed on five Mondays at the City Temple, and I never want to meet them again."

"But your sympathies are with them?"

"When they are genuine—but the genuine are in a minority."

"You met them in conference?"

"I hoped to do so, but I found the conference was to be one-sided."

"What was the exact course you took?"

"I made a fifteen minutes' statement, which was really a series of parentheses inserted between the ejaculations and bellowings of the



DR. JOSEPH PARKER IN HIS STUDY.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

He, too, plainly suffered from that paralysis of the brain which falls upon anyone who is asked to direct another, and I seemed to circumnavigate the N.W. district before reaching the substantial red-brick house which Dr. Parker, with kindly memories of his Northumberland birthplace, has named "Tynchome."

Pleasant in design, its colouring is artistic, and gleaming brass relieves the æsthetic green of the door.

A trim maid answers the bell with commendable alacrity: the hall-mark of a well-ordered *ménage*, and I am piloted through a cosy hall, cheery in two shades of terra-cotta and polished oak, and, with a passing glance at Mr. C. B. Birch's vigorous bust of Dr. Parker, presented to the great preacher by his congregation, I follow Phyllis up the stairs, and am ushered into the presence of the man who fills the City Temple year after year by the simple strength of his spoken word.

A portly, genial figure advances in hearty fashion across the spacious, book-lined study, and offers cordial greeting in a rich, sonorous voice, and two minutes later I am ensconced in a huge armchair on one side of the fireplace, with Dr. Parker on the other, amiably composing himself for bombardment.

A striking figure, as he sits there and throws back his head with something of a leonine gesture, is the popular preacher, and in truth his father's son.

The "old stone-squarer," of Hexham, "with the strength of two men and the will of ten; fierce and gentle, with passionateness burning to madness, yet with deepest love of prayer; no namby-pamby speaker weighing words in Troy scales and mincing syllables as if afraid of them," is reproduced, though with softer and more varied lights and shades, in the great Congregationalist.

The impression conveyed by the aspect of



CHIMNEY CORNER IN DR. PARKER'S DRAWING-ROOM.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

unemployed. Then I stood up to be shot at by questions. And here one detail—a trivial one, but not without significance, pleased me. The meeting insisted that every man who asked a question should uncover. I was glad, as it showed that they had some respect for forms, and, as Macaulay says, etiquette has saved the country before now."

"But, I suppose, Dr. Parker, you had some charities in connection with the City Temple and the unemployed?"

"Not many. We gave some good teas, and we had a distribution of boots, but in both cases we found that the strong were against the weak; the cunning cheated, and the weak and deserving were robbed."

"And what do you think the question of the moment?"

"What I am feeling most deeply about is the widespread commercial delinquency: cruelties such as the 'Liberator' failure, and other cases. What underhand, paltry affairs! There is no harm in taking money openly for work done. I don't believe in a man who pretends to under-value money. A man once said to me: 'Oh, Dr. Parker, I thought you lived on the voluntary principle!' I answered: 'No, I don't; but I am quite willing to do so when my landlord and butcher and baker will do so.'"

"You don't take Spiritualism very seriously, I think?"

"No, I am a Biblical Spiritualist; but even Biblical Spiritualism is full of mystery, and I only accept it because it is followed by severe personal discipline. Whatever faith sets me to do good work is a good faith. That will never be played out!"

"I know you detest narrowness of all kinds."

"I do. The average religious person is a mixture of ignorance and selfishness. He is particularly anxious to keep up an eternal hell for other people, while he is making himself comfortable over his own household fire."

"Do you think pulpit influence is increasing, or the reverse?"

"It is very much a question of the individual. If a man recites a laboured homily on two notes he cannot expect to have much influence. Eloquence is conversation at its best. I have been amused to read that I study every word and gesture before preaching. Quite a mistake. I have no memory for verbal passages, and I study no single gesture. I am, if I may say so, my own audience. I stand up, I know my goal, but I don't know how I'm going to get there."

"Is Henry Ward Beecher a subject of hero-worship with you?"

I remark, noticing a fine statuette of the famous American preacher in a prominent place on the bookcases.

"He is, indeed. And Gladstone—the man and the politician."

Presently I notice a handsome writing and stationery cabinet, presented to Dr. Parker by his congregation on his return from America, and a smaller cabinet in which he keeps the manuscripts of his colossal commentary, the work of his life, called "The People's Bible."

"Yes," said the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "method there, or I could not have kept such a mass of manuscript in order. No necessity to ask, 'Where's Ezekiel? Anybody seen Isaiah this morning?' There they were, safe enough, each in his own place."

By this time we had come to the pretty drawing-room, a harmony in yellow, the chimney alcove having a number of panels, cleverly painted by Mrs. Parker with fruit and flowers upon a dead gold ground.

Here, again, a wealth of pictures cover the walls, some very clever examples being from the brush of Mrs. Parker, who has a fine sense of colour; and photographs by the score stand about on every conceivable coign of vantage. The windows open on to a spacious lawn, with some big trees, which would not shame a house fifty miles out of town. Among the paintings is a charming portrait of Mrs. Parker by Miss Maud Porter. Here, too, is an illuminated address, of which Dr. Parker is very proud, as it was presented to him, with a handsome service of silver plate, by his congregation, on the occasion of his silver wedding.

Hard by is the dining-room, with picture-covered walls, including several examples of Mrs. Parker's skill, notably a girl with a guitar and a lifelike portrait of her father.

And here, too, is Mrs. Parker herself—tall, *gracieuse*, with a handsome, intelligent face, and a ready and courteous welcome. She stands talking for a few moments near her fine portrait by Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., and then accompanies us to her studio on the lower floor, where more than one promising canvas is in progress.

The walls are covered with caricatures of her husband, notably one of the clever "Days with Celebrities," by Mr. Alfred Bryan, and "Ape's" vigorous caricature of the Doctor, from *Vanity Fair*, the hearty enjoyment of which by the great preacher proves that he is commendably free from the petty vanity of petty minds.

But Dr. Parker is above all else a man. He knows humanity, and he knows most of the eminent men of his day. Hence his power of swift but subtle diagnosis of character, his vigorous, vivid style of preaching, and his enduring influence with the vast congregation of the City Temple. It is an age in which moral and mental muscle and sinew are essential to success. Dr. Parker has both, and these have made him a man of mark in the metropolis of the world. A. G.

The *Butterfly*, "a humorous and artistic monthly," has made its appearance, doubtless attracted by the summer sunshine. It is excellent in shape and intention, possesses no mission, and is edited by clever Mr. Raven-Hill and Mr. Arnold Goldsworth. The former contributes some amusing sketches, and the latter some "skittish" verses and paragraphs. The frontispiece is by Maurice Greiffenhagen, and other sketches are by Edgar Wilson and Oscar Eckhardt. A thoroughly interesting article deals with "The Jonka." The bright little magazine is published by Walter Haddon, Salisbury Square, and the "damage" is sixpence. "Welcome, little stranger!"

ONE MINUTE WITH GENERAL LORD ROBERTS.

Doubtless Lord Roberts has not yet shaken off the aversion he had in India to receiving visits from Indian potentates to talk about things, an



Photo by A. J. Grossman, Dover.
GENERAL LORD ROBERTS.

aversion which he has evidently extended to gentlemen desirous of interviewing him. Of course, so distinguished a soldier, who has served his Queen and country so well, has a right, now that he is out of harness, to air his fads, but there is discretion in all things. Accompanied by a friend, an artist, who was proud of his acquaintance with the hero of Afghanistan, we were informed that his Lordship had dined with her Majesty the Queen the night before, and that, with the hospitality which characterises the Queen, he had been asked to remain at Windsor for the night, and a telegram informed me that 10.30 the next morning would suit his Lordship.

Punctuality is supposed to be *de rigueur* with soldiers, and so we were on the spot at the moment. Our reception was minutely cordial, and his Lordship was good enough to apologise for being unable to keep the previous appointment. My friend, in his most suave manner—and he is suave when he pleases—asked permission of the dapper, wiry, little soldier-like figure to be allowed to make an outline portrait of the General while he conversed with me. To this Lord Roberts absolutely objected; he did not know the object of our visit; he had had so many applications from all sorts and conditions of journalists, and he had refused them all. Now, there is such a thing as a photographer, and, although the General evidently objects to his portrait being taken, at least now, he cannot deprive the public of seeing a likeness of himself through the aid of photography. Perhaps if Sir John Millais or some other well-known portrait painter had been there, things might have been different, and yet my artist friend has a reputation in his profession second to none.

"May I ask you, General," I queried, "if you are of opinion that the native Rajahs of India are contented and satisfied with the rule of her Imperial Majesty's Government in India?"

"I should say they were never more satisfied than they are now," he rejoined promptly.

"I suppose the usual scare which we hear at home—the cry of Russia in Central Asia and her influence in Afghanistan—has no foundation?"

The General shook his head, which I took as an affirmative, and the impression left on my mind by this minute's conversation with a man who knows India backwards was that, as far as India is concerned, everything is peaceful, prosperous, and contented. R. H. R.

WHISKERS TO BE WHISKED OFF.

One of the chief features of the labour movement in New York is hirsutical. It may be remembered that some time ago an English lady had a fight in the law courts over one of her men-servants wearing whiskers. The waiters in New York recently had a fight over an order which compelled them to shave clean, and now a similar order issued to hotel hack drivers has raised an extraordinary hubbub, and been seriously discussed by an assembly of the Knights of Labour known as the Liberty Dawn Association. "The question of whiskers," we are solemnly assured, "is a serious one. The drivers say that when a man has worn a full set of whiskers from ten to forty years he runs great danger of catching some fatal throat or lung disease if he obeys an order to remove them. To sit on the box of a hack on cold, raw nights and have the wind blow about the roots of the whiskers it used to blow through is not calculated to make a man feel cheerful. It may endanger his life. The hack drivers think that their rights and their whiskers demand some respect from their employers, and they will secure them if possible. They claim that they can drive a hack just as well with whiskers as without, and are of the opinion that the great public will stand by them." One speaker at the indignation meeting of the Liberty Dawn Association, said America was becoming too English. Another in a frenzied outburst declared that the whiskers of cabmen would never be trailed in the dust by capital, while all agreed that the order to shave off whiskers was un-American and snobbish. One hackman with a fiery red beard recited a little labour lyric, of which these verses are specimens—

We are all a band of brothers,
And we'll yet defeat the foe,
For we swear to one another
That our whiskers shall not go.

Yes, our "mutton chops" shall linger,
And the wind through them may blow;
Our "Dundrearys" shall wave proudly.
No; our whiskers shall not go.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS." *

Ismael Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, was a very enlightened man, and anxious to do the best, so far as lay in his power, for his children and for his country—for his country through his children. To this end he gave much thought to their education, and being convinced of the value of English training, he was so courageous as to have an English staff established in a house at Choubrah. Thither Prince Ibrahim and



KOPSÈS.

Princess Zeyneb, who alone survived of the six children born to the Khedive by his second Princess, were sent daily, with a favourite companion of each as fellow-pupils. No such fracture of tradition as that of having a daughter taught outside the palace walls had ever before been ventured on, and its beneficial effects would have been much more far-reaching than they were had the little Princess enjoyed a long life. She died of typhoid fever soon after marriage to her cousin, another Ibrahim Pasha. Her husband and her brothers were monogamists, but Ismael himself had the full complement of wives allowed by the Koran, namely, four—the Great Lady, the Middle Lady, and the Little Lady, according to translation of Turkish words, and the first, second, and third Princesses, according to European nomenclature. The fourth wife (would she be the Miniature Lady in Turkish language?) was raised to that dignity when primogeniture was made the law of the land, this alteration bringing her son Tewfik to the position of heir-apparent.

Princess Zeyneb was not brilliant, but was lovable and loving, deeply attached to her father, and readily amenable to the guidance of her governess. This lady, when the time came for her charge to be "shut up" as Mohammedan rule prescribes, attended at the palace every day to continue her instruction of the two girls, and eventually she went into residence there. Even after the Princess married, Miss Chennells lived with her, and to some extent directed her course of reading. No other European has been so intimately acquainted with the domestic life of the harem. English dairymaids, coachmen, and grooms, French cooks and Italian dressmakers were in Ismael's service (this alone was an innovation on established precedent), but only the governess could be cognisant of the private life of the household, and be able to record it without offence and with evident sincerity. Her "Recollections" call no blush to the cheek of the "young person," for the only coarseness seen was, apparently, in the gestures by inferior

slaves when acting for their mistresses' amusement. His introduction of European women as maid-servants did good, if only by causing the Moslem women to question within themselves whether if Giaours went in and out of the harem among men, and unveiled, they were the most abandoned of their sex, or whether it could be so very wicked for those of Egypt to do what the Europeans did without shame and without contempt from men. The Princess did not keep Ramadan at all, not even to the extent of giving up meals *à la Franque*, and returning to the primitive table habits of her ancestors, as was the case with all those who did keep the fast by day and who ate by night. She dressed in her gorgeous Parisian toilets, played bésique, and otherwise comported herself as if there were no such month of prayer and penance. And this was after she was "shut up," for her last day of the liberty of childhood was that on which the suite left Emirghian on its first visit. It is in this beautiful palace on the Bosphorus that Ismael and his family are now virtually prisoners during the Sultan's pleasure.

From Cairo, where the English educational staff was first established, the Court went up the Nile to Minieh, afterwards removing to Gezireh, thence to the palace of Ras-el-Tin, beyond Alexandria, and from there to Emirghian. On their return to Cairo, Zeyneb and her beautiful companion, Kopsès, being then "shut up," their governess was driven to the palace of Abdeen every day at such hours as it pleased the eunuchs to send a carriage for her. Of arrangement there was little, and of method none, in this vacillating *ménage*. No small part of the "Recollections" are those connected with the troubles of sudden stampedes, or of stampedes suddenly countermanded. The following year there was again a visit to Constantinople, and after that a term at Ramleh before going back to Cairo. See-saw between these two places occurred after the marriage of the young Princess, and it was at Ramleh she died, while her husband was in England for his health.

I must quote how a corpse on its way to burial refuses to go any farther. The bearers declare the decision of the body is intimated unmistakably, "a series of jerks, plunges, and dead-stops take place, until, with one accord, the bearers put down the bier and proceed to reason with the dead man. 'Why does he object to that route? Is there anything he will have to pass which he does not like? Sunset is coming on; he must be buried before sunset,' &c., and so they coax and wheedle him, and if there is no way of disposing of it they pounce upon the bier and carry it off. At last, whether the corpse was really mollified by the compliments paid him, or whether the bearers had become tired of the farce, is an open question, but they suddenly took up the bier, turned round two or three times, so as to puzzle him with regard to the exact points of the compass, then charged down the steepest part of the hill, and bore him triumphantly off." R. C. G.



PRINCE IBRAHIM AND PRINCESS ZEYNEB.

* "Recollections of an Egyptian Princess, by her English Governess." W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

THE LAST DRAWING ROOM.

From Our Artist's Sketch Book.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS.



PRECARIOUS.



AND SO HATH MARY ANN,



THE UNINVITED,



OUR ENTERPRISING ARTIST
TRIED TO GET INTO THE DRAWING ROOM
IN THIS BECOMING GARB.

"JOHN HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER."

Three generations of extensive business operations have made the name of John Heywood so much a household word in the North that its personal is really lost in its business significance. He who might have interviewed John Heywood the first, some thirty or forty years ago,



JOHN HEYWOOD THE FIRST.

would certainly have interviewed a busy man. With John Heywood the second the interview would have been extremely short and sharp. With John Heywood the third those conditions are increased a hundred-fold. A few words descriptive of the scene at the very threshold of Mr. Heywood's office will indicate what is meant. Here every morning in the week a crowd of gentlemen, each laden with papers, may be found waiting to see the chief. Exit of one and entrance of another follow each other—not always too rapidly—for some two or three hours, and among those the Press interviewer must take his turn and his chance. Once that comes he will enter a moderate-sized office and be received with a pleasant smile and a piercing glance from a pair of unusually bright eyes, a glance that will pretty well take the visitor's measure and make him feel that he had better hurry on with his business, be it what it may. When the conversation is fairly started, the visitor, if at all observant, will notice that Mr. Heywood plunges into the business then in hand in a manner just as fresh and intelligent as if that particular matter were the first, instead of being possibly the twentieth or the thirtieth, to which his attention had already been directed. He remains standing on his side of the office desk the whole time, just in the same place and just in the same manner as did his father. There was no time for sitting then; there is less now. Desk and office are just as his father left them. Indeed, the son carries on the business almost as if he expected the father to walk in and resume command at any moment. To those who know and understand this filial conservatism is both beautiful and touching. While these thoughts have been passing through my mind, Mr. Heywood, with the remark, "Just a few minutes, if you please," dives once more into the piles of papers that cover the desk, and continues a very rapid annotation and examination. As characteristic of the subject dealt with, it may be remarked that he makes the kind of notes in which he is now engaged with great firmness and distinctness, and once made, in characters large and plain, such notes are as final as unmistakable. And now to business.

"You would like some little information about the journalism of the North fifty years ago?"

"I am afraid I must refer you to 'Tales of My Grandfather' for anything specific on so old a subject." This came with a twinkle of the eye that was irresistible, and fairly broke the ice.

"No, my knowledge of the papers of so remote a date is but flimsy gossip. Of course, I have heard of the time when papers were taxed—when a paper, after going the round of the parish, let us say, was posted with pride and affection to distant friends, among whom it was again sent circulating."

"Press productions have slightly changed since then," I remarked.

"Yes, but the change is not all for the better. In those days the circulation may have been limited, but there were few or no returns. So many subscribers, so many copies printed."

"Those were the days of small things in the newspaper world," I ventured to remark.

"Not entirely. The number being so small, every paper was highly prized and diligently studied. I question if the power of the Press was ever higher."

Making a remark about country papers, Mr. Heywood replied—

"As regards metropolitan and provincial papers, do you mean? Undoubtedly the advance and improvement of the provincial lessens the demand for the metropolitan. Electricity and other agencies have brought the two nearly on a level. Indeed, we consider some of our own papers equal in every way—in news, business management, and intellectual leadership—to their best London contemporaries."

"There's something in that, certainly, Mr. Heywood. Electricity serves the modern Mercury better than the caduceus did Hermes of old."

"Yes, but don't let us forget steam. To me a newspaper train is always one of great interest. Its freight; its rush through the darkness of the night; the hurried gathering-up of the parcels at the various stations; the waiting carts and the willing horses; the headlong delivery to impatient hands in warehouses; the fierce sorting, and then the furious distribution. There they go once more, rushing in all directions with the impetuosity of warriors storming a world."

"I see you are a real newspaper man, Mr. Heywood."

"Yes; the newspaper part of this business was for some time my sole charge, so I naturally made that department my special study. I believe in newspapers. I regard them as one of the grandest forces ever wielded by mortal man."

The speaker evidently entertains the highest opinion of the Press in all its branches, but as time, especially his, was on the wing, I thought it better to introduce the next object of the interview, so I enthusiastically exclaimed—

"No doubt, no doubt, Mr. Heywood; but what about books?"

"Books, my dear Sir? Oh! books are books, but they are not called upon to storm the world, or even to knock at its domestic door before it has quite opened its sleepy eyes. Books, as compared with newspapers, sink into the feminine gender. They are not expected to take society by storm in the way described. Oh, no. They move slowly, placidly. They must wait to be wooed. We won't carry the comparison any further, though, or perhaps you'll say those among them who woo do not always win."

"Oh, I'll go much further than that," said I, laughing. "I fear many of them are even allowed to pine in solitude and neglect."

"On that point I can give no information. Indeed, I am too busy to know much of book-reading or book-selling, but the little that does come under my notice in connection with books reminds me very often of remarks my father used to make about bookbinding. Of course,



JOHN HEYWOOD THE SECOND.

I cannot pass in and out of these premises without having my eyes attracted by piles of beautifully bound books. Well, my father was extremely fond of flowers; in fact, a conservatory at one end and

a counting-house at the other epitomised his way of daily life. 'Bookbinders,' he used to say, 'are at last taking a practical hint from the flowers. Flowers put on the beauty of colour and form to attract the bee, and binders now see the wisdom of doing the same to attract the buyer and the reader.'

"Yes," I replied; "bookbinding is now a fine art, as a great authority has said."

"And now, my dear Sir, for information about books and book-makers—I mean authors, of course. You must try and get the views of one of my leading men—one who has been with us all his life, and who really knows more of the book trade than any other man in the kingdom."

"Just a minute, Mr. Heywood. I wanted your opinion on illustrations generally, both in books, papers, and—"

"Come, come. That's too wide a field to enter just now. You may take it as my opinion that the demand for pictorial adjuncts is growing, and will continue to do so more and more in all kinds of literature. And that reminds me. I must compliment you upon the paper you represent. It is a marvellous production for sixpence, and I should say it is bound to do well. In papers like *The Sketch* London has nothing to fear from provincial competition. In that line we cannot approach you."

"Thanks, Sir, both for your compliment and your courtesy in giving me this interesting interview." I had scarcely got outside the door, in search of the great book authority to whom I was referred, before another interviewer had taken my place beside the document-laden desk, and Mr. Heywood was in deep consultation with a new man on a new subject. Obviously, a colossal business is a veritable Egyptian taskmaster.

As regards the books most in favour with the readers of the district a score or two of years ago, they proved to be much the same as we hear of being popular elsewhere. It need scarcely be stated that the list comprised the works of such writers as Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Ainsworth, George Eliot, Fielding, Mrs. Henry Wood, Mrs. Gaskell, Lord Lytton, Captain Marryat, Captain Reid, &c.

Among local writers the following names were given as the most popular: Edwin Waugh, Ben Brierley (Lancashire dialect), H. Ainsworth, Linnaeus Banks, De Quincey, &c. The books of these authors have always been in steady demand. The question "What sort of books are most in favour among local readers?" received an answer of the kind it would receive wherever asked. The reply was as familiar as laconic, and consisted of the single word "Novels." To some good people the next reply will prove very satisfactory, for it is to the effect that the establishment of technical schools has increased to a very large extent the demand for scientific works, not only among the students of such schools, but among general readers as well.

A little further conversation, though, revealed the fact that the proportion between readers of fiction and works of a solid character still remained at seventy-five per cent. on the side of the novel reader. The next item of information should prove very consoling and reassuring to the writers of books, for it is to the effect that the production of magazine and serial literature in general has not depressed but considerably increased the demand for bound and complete volumes. Next we have an assurance on a subject on which, possibly, two opinions never did exist—namely, that illustrations add greatly to the selling results of both books and magazines.

"In fact," said my informant, "a good illustration often sells the article."

In reply to the question, "How does the binding of a book affect its chance of success?" the reply was, "Very much in favour of the book, if from an unknown author; but if the writer be well known the binding makes little or no difference."

Another point of resemblance, thought I, between books and human beings.

"Now," said my friend, "let me show you a little volume of poems from a writer who, I feel sure, will be the next Laureate. Severe simplicity, you see, characterises its binding, yet that little book, though published at 3s. 6d., is now worth its weight in gold. It's a first edition, a first that was followed by a second in a month. It is now rare, and much sought after by collectors, for several reasons—on account of something that has happened, but more on account of something that will happen, in their opinion, in the near future."

"*Lachrymæ Musarum*"—may the writer referred to soon be himself again, and the expectations of his friends and admirers fully realised.

Before leaving I made a remark about the immense amount of work placed upon the shoulders of so young a chief—about the great number

of people to be received and instructed, and about the heaps of papers to be read, initialed, and passed on. "Oh! that's only a part, and, perhaps, a small part of his work. You should see the portfolios of business papers carried home! The carriage is pretty well filled on occasions."

"On very busy days, I suppose?" Every day is a busy day with him, and every day seems to be getting more so. The business is being rapidly extended. A branch has just been opened at Bristol, and another is contemplated in a city of similar standing and antiquity in the North.

"Good day, and thank you. I have paid my visit just in the nick of time, it seems to me."

TORTOISES.

At the present season a prominent feature of the "gutter goods" of the streets is formed by tortoises of all sizes and patterns, with tails or without. On the truck or basket, from which these creatures are constantly trying to roam, only to be set back at their starting-place every minute by a ruthless hand, is generally displayed a placard inscribed with the legend that the purchaser will find his house and garden

immediately rid of all manner of beetles, cockroaches, slugs, and snails. Unfortunately, this statement is utterly incorrect. There runs a tale that once, when an old lady who wished to travel by train in company with her pet tortoise was in doubt as to the necessity of taking a ticket for it, she was enlightened and relieved of all responsibility by a porter as follows: "Well, mum, cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, but a tortoise is a hinsee." Whether it be possible or not to agree with this classification, it is quite certain that the tortoise is wholly herbivorous. Many kinds of green food will tempt its appetite, and it shows particular partiality for dandelions and milk-thistles. Of these weeds it will act as a scavenger, though it is whispered that plants such as sweet peas, Canterbury bells, and some others also find a way into its menu. On the other hand, even the crispest of snails and juiciest of slugs are looked upon as merely obstacles to be crawled over by this reptile. He leaves them to his friend the hedgehog, who is, indeed, a connoisseur in such matters, and can be trusted to execute the functions erroneously attributed to the tortoise. No one should, therefore, place a tortoise where it cannot get plenty of green food; even fresh grass will serve. To put it in a kitchen is cruel. The fact that the poor thing can exist a very long time without food makes the cruelty

of depriving it of its proper rations all the greater, though, no doubt, seeing that it is very slow-blooded, its feelings are comparatively dull. The only deviation from its strictly vegetarian diet known to have been made by the tortoise is in the direction of bread-and-milk. But even this food will not do for constant sustenance, and there are dangers attached which may be gathered from the melancholy story of a terrier and a tortoise that lived in the same house. Every morning a basin of bread-and-milk was set for the latter. Every noon the basin was empty, and the mistress rejoiced. Within a year a polished tortoise-shell was doing duty as a letter-weight in the drawing-room, and the dog had to resort to carriage exercise. It could not walk.

A FAMOUS BANK.

Whether Messrs. Backhouse's bank at Durham, which is probably one of the oldest-established businesses of the kind in this country, is that very bank described by Mr. William Shakspeare where the "wild thyme" flourished, one really cannot say, but must leave the matter to be decided by Mr. Donnelly, who may, perhaps, discover a cryptogram dealing with the subject; but there is no doubt that the clerks in that establishment have been having a remarkably wild time of it recently. Banking has always been considered—at any rate, in Great Britain—as a dull, monotonous, uneventful, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of those who bank, a particularly safe business. If, however, the public adopt the new system invented by the individual now in custody in the northern cathedral city, and, instead of depositing the usual notes or gold in the bank coffers, make their lodgments in lead in the bodies of the clerks, those gentlemen will have a remarkably exciting and adventurous existence, and their profession will become one of those which the insurance companies classify as "hazardous."



JOHN HEYWOOD THE THIRD.

THE JUNIORS.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

I forget if I have ever imparted to you the interesting fact that I am rather mad on botany. More than rather, indeed, when all is said. A day in the woods, where I can grub and potter at will among the wild flowers and weeds, is a dear delight to my inquisitive constitution at all times. The flowers have histories of their own, many of them, and tragedies too, as you shall hear, for 'of all the affecting tales that ever were told is that which I shall call

THE STORY OF THE NARCISSUS.

Very long ago, when the world was young, and only a comparatively few people were scattered about the earth, every forest and lake and mountain was inhabited by its own particular tribe of nymphs or fauns,



NARCISSUS, A NYMPH, AND FAUN.

or satyrs, or other strange beings. Olympus, where the gods dwelt, was in constant communication with our little planet, and the deities who lived exalted on the heavenly mountain made frequent little trips to earth for change of air and scene and other amusements.

Among Jupiter's many possessions down here was a beautiful baby boy, who, even in his cradle days, was so lovely of face that the nymphs in all the adjoining groves and rivers declared there never was such a wonderful child—just in the same manner in which nurses and fond mummies go on nowadays about babies, only with much more reason. The child was called Narcissus, and when someone consulted a sooth-sayer as to his future happiness the old prophet said all would be well with the boy "if himself he never knew," which seemed ambiguous and unsatisfactory enough, even for a fortune-teller.

So the little chubby boy grew year by year into a beautiful youth of sixteen summers, brave in the chase, skilful in the games. One day, when hunting, he pursued a flying deer into the inmost depths of the forest, and, being separated from his companions, was seen by a certain coy maid, called Echo. She was a nymph of many attractions, but with one strange peculiarity—silent, as a rule, until others spoke, and then repeating all the words which ended their speech in silvery musical tones, which lingered long after theirs had died away. But of original ideas of her own she certainly had none, or, if she had, never gave them expression.

Narcissus, in dashing after his flying game, caught sight of another hunter, and cried loudly in the picturesque conversation of the period, "Who's he that hither comes?" Echo, hiding in a tree close by, at once replied, "Oh, hither come!" The youth stood amazed at this invisible voice, and called louder, "Hither come." But Echo only answered, "Come." Then Narcissus, after looking round in all directions, grew impatient. "If only voice," he cried, "indeed I cannot wait thee." When Echo, springing from behind her shelter, with finger on her lovely lip, made laughing mockery of him, crying, "Wait thee!" The boy grew angry at this frivolous conduct on Echo's part, and would speak no more. He started off again through the wood, while she ran

fleetsly by his side, waiting for his next words. But seeing he was determined not to break silence again, she at last dropped behind, furious at his fancied slight, and retired to her caves vowing vengeance.

It was a pity Narcissus offended Echo, all the same, for, impelled by wounded vanity, she straightway appealed to heaven for his punishment, complaining that she had been slighted by this mortal youth. The gods, in sleepy humour, were all enjoying a siesta in the Elysian Fields when her messenger arrived, so, without going into the merits of the case, gave Echo permission to deal with the youth herself. This was all she wanted. She would show this haughty youth that Echo could avenge an insult.

One hot midday, when the sun was blazing high in heaven, the young hunter found himself once again alone in the green depths of a silent wood. Tired with the burning heat and the chase, the lad threw himself down by the side of a cool, dark pool, and fell fast asleep. Awaking refreshed, but thirsty, he leant over the grassy brink and stooped to take a long, deep drink of the crystal water. As he did so a face of wonderful beauty looked up at him from the still, shining surface. Those starry eyes, those crisply waving curls, that nobly modelled head! Narcissus was chained in motionless ecstasy to the spot, while lured there by the spells of the enchantress to gaze enraptured at the reflection of his own noble beauty.

Days passed, but he never thought of food. Night came and went over the face of that cruel water, yet the youth took no sleep. With eager, spellbound stare he gazed into the eyes of that other face, looking up at him through the depths of the pool. A semblance only—his own reflected shade—which, thrown along the grass, he watches day by day, until all his life dies out at last, and Echo's cruel will is then accomplished.

It is said that she felt very penitent when told the result of her ill-humoured request to the gods. It is to be hoped she did. Sorry now—too late—the nymph would have given him a stately burial and summoned all the Dryads and the forest spirits to assist at his obsequies. They built a pile, and gathered round the spot where the lost Narcissus died, with high-borne, flaming torches in their hands. But no body could they see. The corpse was gone, while on the vivid grass a starry flower raised up its petals amidst pale green leaves. And even till to-day this saffron-tinted flower is called Narcissus.

To Echo her fate came later, when she was deprived of human form and banished to the gloomy caverns of the earth. Her voice still lingers in lonely places, but only in the fitful and uncertain tones of a plaintive answer.

And so ends the melancholy history of Narcissus.



ECHO.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Has any philosopher of common things ever turned his attention to the classification of back-yards as seen from the railway? For an observer who owns a season-ticket on some suburban line which runs habitually on a high level—as do the Great Eastern and North London lines for the most part, and many of the threads in the southern tangle of rails—there is an endless panorama of changing human character spread out before his eyes. The fronts of the small houses that make up a suburban back street are all exactly alike; the colour of the door and the flowers in the window are well-nigh the only notes of individuality that distinguish No. 57, Bloggins Street from No. 59 of the same.

But with the back-yard comes character and life. Heedless of the casual and careless glance of the unknown hundreds daily whirled past along the viaduct that closes his horizon, the householder may adapt to himself the environment of his own back-yard. Whole volumes might be written on human character as revealed in its back-yards. Think for a moment of the minute and exhaustive information to be gathered from a study of the clothes-line on washing-day. "Tell me what you wash," said the sage, "and I will tell you what you are." Then, again, what an index to the habits of the owner is the appearance of his little domain.

It was the garden of the sluggard that Solomon, or whoever wrote that part of the "Book of Proverbs," passed by; his back garden, doubtless, if the Hebrews distinguished so far. It was not necessary to look within the house to know that the proprietor was lying in bed—probably with his boots on. A mere casual glance at the garden was enough, though the observer only

Saw with one eye
How the owl and the oyster were sharing a pie.

There is the back garden of Sleep, not yet immortalised in song; there is the neat and stern severity, purged of weeds and flowers alike, of the Puritan; there is the romantic disorder of the yard given up to children, the fantastic ruin of the yard abandoned to cats—the oasis of colour of the horticultural householder, the bristling glass on the wall of the misanthrope. In short, whatsoever a man is or has may be infallibly inferred from his back garden.

Then, too, if the train halts between stations, as it invariably does if supposed to be an express, the observer at the window may surprise numerous little dramas, as modern as Ibsen and vastly more entertaining. The younger generation makes love over the wall in complete disregard of the possible witnesses in the train; children play with hardly a glance at the viaduct as the train rumbles past, shaking the very soil they are shaping into dirt-pies. And over all, serene, impalpable, descends that cosmical dust of London which the masses denominate "blacks."

After all, why should not our suburban householders and their families disregard utterly the casual passenger, who seldom looks, more seldom sees, most seldom remembers; and who, if he had looked, seen, and remembered most fully, neither would nor could identify those whose back-yard doings he has noticed. Nay, if we may argue from the ways of greater men, the suburbans might prefer to have their back-yards noticed. As "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," observed, there is a strange, sweet pleasure in desecrating oneself for a worthy object—and sometimes without that restriction. Perhaps we shall soon see placards inviting the passing traveller to look down and see the British Workman remonstrating with his wife by means of the persuasive hobnail. The B.W.'s wife will arrange to spank her hopeful offspring in full view of the most densely populated trains. Why should not they, too, be famous? If they cannot play to the gallery, who shall blame them for playing to the viaduct?

And I really cannot see why the weekly wash of No. 57, Bloggins Street, properly understood, should not be as helpful and as interesting a spectacle as that glimpse into his back-yard which many a literary man nowadays is but too anxious to afford to all men. What a vision, for instance, has this month's *Idler* given us of Mr. Robert Buchanan's mental back-yard and intellectual clothes-line! Not that there is anything new or unknown in the views he expresses on literature; but there is a certain primitive piquancy in coming on them unexpectedly, without the prefatory passage through the front garden.

Take the passage, for example, which seems—I trust *only* seems—to sneer at Tennyson: "He may tinker, he may trim, he may succeed, he

may be buried in Westminster Abbey, he may hear before he dies all the people saying, 'How good and great he is! how perfect is his art! how gloriously he embodies the Tendencies of his Time,' but he will know, all the same, that the price has been paid, and that his living Soul has gone to furnish that whitewashed Sepulchre, a Blameless Reputation." (The capital S's are Mr. Buchanan's, unless the compositor has made a mistake. I have been sometimes served that way myself.)

Now, if these words were meant to refer to Lord Tennyson—and they are suspiciously appropriate, for he was remarkable for altering and polishing—namely, "tinkering and trimming" his poems—they involve a singular misconception of what literature is and what literary fame is. A singular misconception seems to be embodied in the later avowed reference to Tennyson. "Three-fourths of the success of Lord Tennyson was due to the fact that this fine poet regarded life and all its phenomena from the standpoint of the English public school. . . . His great American contemporary, Whitman, in some respects the most commanding spirit of this generation, gained only a few disciples, and was entirely misunderstood and neglected by contemporary criticism." Which passage, as it assumes that Tennyson sincerely believed in the views he expressed, makes me hope that the former sentence does *not* allude to him.

If Tennyson has been, and is, and to all appearance will be, more famous than Whitman, it is surely not because he expresses more popular notions and views. That will account for the temporary rage, not for the enduring fame, even if the fame endure but a generation. Was not Tupper once more popular than Tennyson, and where are his works now? And how does the assertion of Mr. Buchanan tally with the fact that Tennyson first caught the public ear by poems of pure art, and that the preoccupation of the tendencies of his time increased upon him as he grew older. Which is more satisfactory morally, economically, and generally in its feeling, "Locksley Hall" or "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After?" Obviously the later poem; yet the world continues to read the earlier piece and disregard the later. And why? Because the first poem is very fine verse and the second (mostly) rather poor doggerel.

And why has Whitman failed to find due recognition? Simply because, setting out to write poetry, he followed an artistic method, which resulted, excepting certain rare and precious exceptions, in a particularly distracted species of prose. That is all, and quite enough to explain everything. Tennyson was always primarily an artist, except in his later years, when, to some extent he lost, and to some extent wilfully abandoned, the artistic reticence and mastery of language which had been among his highest gifts. Walt Whitman said everything, and was often at the mercy of his words.

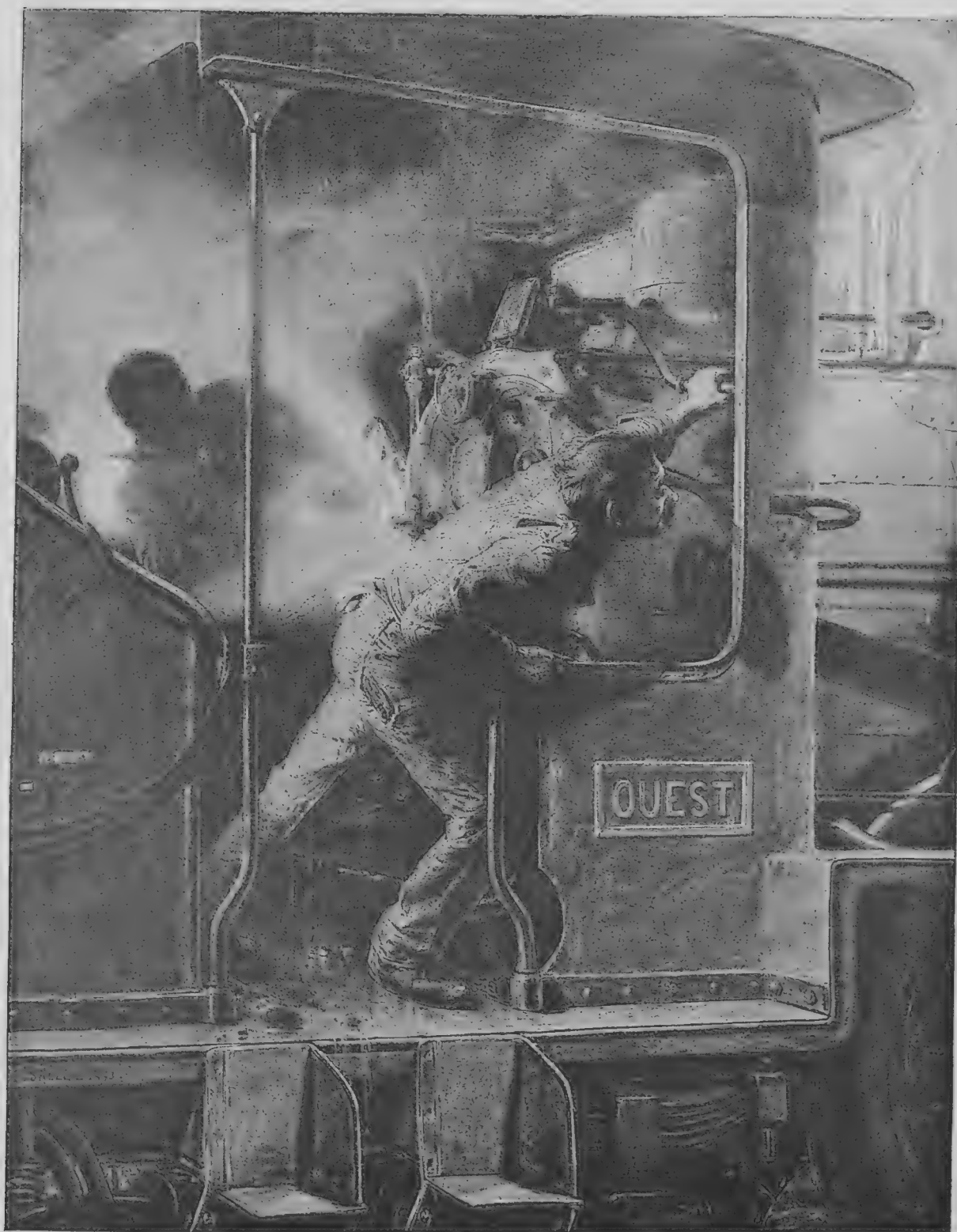
So, too, with George Eliot and Charles Reade. Mr. Buchanan seems to deem it a mark of bad taste in the reading public that the latter, "the most strenuous and passionate novelist" of his time, enjoyed less fame than his female contemporary. But this is only to be expected. Charles Reade was so "strenuous and passionate" that great part of his novels is mere philanthropic pamphleteering, unreadable to later generations. Which of his works are most certain to survive? "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," in which he has merely tried to tell an interesting story.

Now, George Eliot remained more consistently true to the rules of literary art, which dictate that when you set out to write a novel you shall write a novel and not a pamphlet. A novelist may be—and, indeed, in these hard times often has to be—a journalist as well, even as an artist who paints pictures may submit to design a poster: only he should not try to mix his two kinds of work. For, if he does, the poster picture will rather end in the dustbin than endure on the wall of the picture gallery.

As for the crowd who give contemporary fame, what (except pecuniarily) is the worth of their applause? In most cases they praise what they have never read, and what, if they had read, they could not appreciate. Why did "Lux Mundi" leap into sudden glory? Because it was understood to embody daring unorthodoxy. It was accounted a dangerous book; and such it might well have been—as a missile. For its size was great, its specific gravity miraculous. But as for reading it—well, I tried; and I used to think there existed not the printed English book that I could not read. And these other good people who talked about the work—had they blasted their way through it during the interval between the calls of Mudie's cart? Or were they telling—no, that hypothesis is too horrible!

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



ALERTE.—F. SALLÉ.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

The Academy, if it has been nothing else during the past few years, has, at all events, been able to boast an amazing popularity—a fact which accounts for its worldly prosperity and reputation among the Cræsus



CIRCE.—BY ALFRED DRURY.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

of the time. Day by day its halls are crowded either with the London amateur or with the country cousin. It sells its catalogues by the thousands, it pockets its entrance fees by tens of thousands. The conscientious suburbs flock in the fine weather through Piccadilly in quest of Burlington House, and the marginal comments upon the beloved catalogue have passed into the humour of the time. "Shall I put a double cross?" asks the old lady in "Voces Populi" (or words to that effect). "No, dear; I think you had better only put one," is the reply; "one must be select in these things."

Nevertheless, there is beginning to arise a growl here and there which portends a serious effort in the making to upset the Academy's popularity. At all times, indeed, artists on the grumble are to be found—artists disappointed from rejection, or sickened by the manner in which their pictures are hung, or too long expectant of sale by reason of an Academy patronage. But just now the grumble seems to have grown a little responsible, and artists are swelling the ranks of the discontented, who, having nothing to hope, have certainly nothing to fear, from the ill-will of the Academy.

The latest significant sign is, of course, Mr. Burne-Jones's resignation of the Associateship's honours. And a sign such as this is even more valuable than a proof of the feelings which are widely growing

prevalent, since proofs are made publicly clear by signs. Then, again, there is the general verdict of all the really educated criticism of the day. The *National Observer*, for example, may be reckoned among the bitterest and most trenchant foes which the Academy possesses, and one, of course, accepts the utterance of such a paper as the most extreme view of the matter which can be taken. We cannot altogether sympathise with so extreme a view, but that it should be permitted publicity in all its vigour and strength of literary form will show the point to which hostility can go, and will prove that midway between that point and extreme favour there is a sort of average opposition which the Academy would do well to note.

It is on the subject of the Chantrey collection that the paper which we have mentioned is particularly hostile. "There is an ominous rumour," it observes, "that no treasures will this year be added to the Chantrey collection. The trustees, they say, have closed their purse because the picture they had intended to buy is unfinished. Now, we are loth to credit this rumour, because an intention to buy is very like a commission, and the excellent Sir Francis particularly stipulated that, at least, no picture should be commissioned with his money." Now, if this be true—we have, of course, rumour, and nothing more, to rely upon—there can be no doubt that here is a legitimate matter for grievance, a matter, indeed, so grave that we hesitate to set down further comment until the rumour is justified by act. For the present we can but remark that, for our part, we have no desire to display any bitterness, much less wanton bitterness, against a body such as the Academy is. We believe that the Academy has the power for much good in its hands, and we are not sorry if its footsteps sometimes stray, since a reformation from indifference is impossible, but a reformation from actual evil is a sure prophecy.

The late Earl of Shaftesbury's memorial, the labour over which has prevented Mr. A. Gilbert from contributing anything to the Royal Academy this year, is at last upon the verge of completion. As everybody knows, it is to stand in Piccadilly Circus, and it will be unveiled accordingly in that spot on June 1.

There is published in the *Athenæum* an interesting account of Mr. Henry Moore, who, as we announced last week, has just received the honours of a full Academician. It seems that he made his début, not in 1855 (as some papers have declared) as an exhibitor at the National Institution, better known as the Portland Gallery, with a landscape called "A Summer Evening in Borrowdale," but at the Academy of 1853, with "1217, Glen Clunie, Castletown of Braemar, Aberdeen." Before appearing at the Portland Gallery in 1855 he exhibited yet once more at the Academy, in 1854, and in the year following he was represented at Trafalgar Square by three pictures, and since that year at the British Institution. It has taken Mr. Moore full forty years, therefore, to attain the summit of Academic ambition. And we all acknowledge his merit. His seas are filled with an admirable quality, and when his mastery over this form of painting was first discovered there were scarcely any limits to the words of praise which he won from all. Perhaps his new honours will spur him into efforts after new discoveries, for even with his own singular power Mr. Moore himself grows monotonous when he ever paints the same sea.

A useful little book for all students of art is Mr. G. Claud Jeeves's "Guide and Advice to Young Painters" (Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. 6d.). The mixing of colours, the purchase of artists' materials, and that most necessary subject, "the disposal of work," are brightly and intelligently treated by Mr. Jeeves. In his remarks on scenery he is particularly loyal to Yorkshire, making mention of "the lively and impetuous Wharfe" in terms with which no artist could quarrel. The book is far more interesting than as a mere handbook of hints, and will be valued by those who profit by the author's experience.



ONCHAN BAY, ISLE OF MAN.—BY RICHARD WANE.
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.

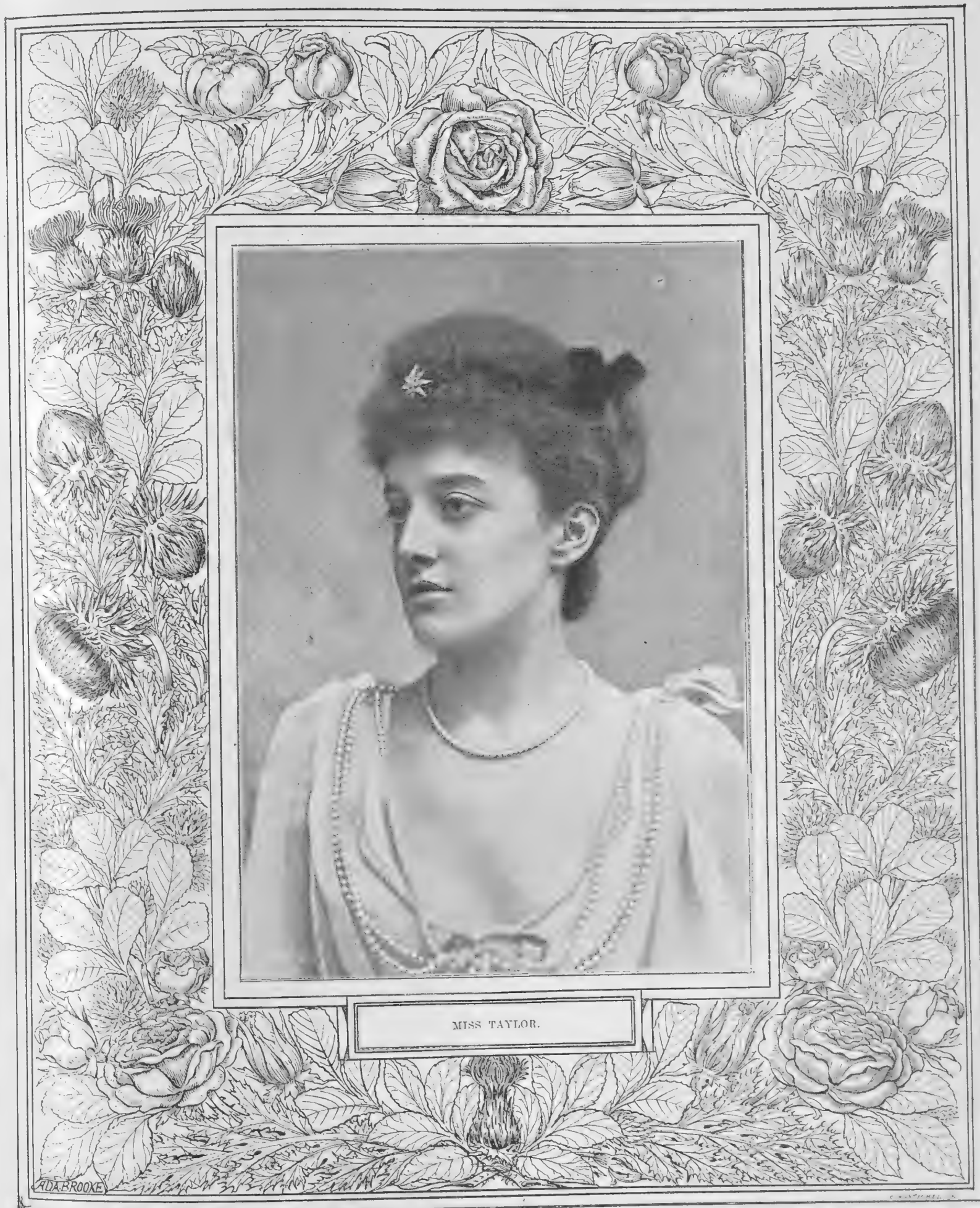


FRÈRES ET ENNEMIS: BRETAGNE, 1703.—E. CARPENTIER.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



PILLARDS.—E. V. LUMINAIS.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



The little town of S— enjoyed a reputation quite out of proportion to its size or population, nor would the possession of a sombre-looking prison have gained for it an equal reputation but for the “Little Sister” who so fearlessly and assiduously shed the charm of her sunshine and the mercifulness of her nature over the place. There was not a man in all Russia whom the uncertainty of public officialism or the risk of secret conspiracy had brought within the shadow of an exile in Siberia who could not tell of her devotion to the unfortunate prisoners of S—, and who did not hope in his inmost self that, should a portion of his future be dedicated to such an incarceration, his good genius might bring him under the benignant control of Peter Nicolaef and the sympathetic attentions of the “Little Sister.”

Marie Antonovna was the daughter of the Ispravnik, an old soldier, who, after many vicissitudes in Russia, had found peace with his only child in a Siberian convict town, where, as chief of the police, he was respected by all. That Marie should relegate to herself the duties of corporal and spiritual minister to the unhappy convicts appeared to her father a matter of instinct. She had inherited her mother's qualities, and when Peter Nicolaef, himself a merciful man, asked her to marry him old Antonovitch thought nothing could be more natural.

So they were to be married, and the Ispravnik's house became the scene of friendly greetings and joyous receptions, for nobody in S— who was anybody would omit to call and offer his or her congratulations.

And not the least happy of all was Marie, who noted with delight the welcome change in her father's demeanour. He had never laughed so often or talked so freely since her mother's death, when her brother, Stepan, had run away and written home saying he had engaged himself in some secret enterprise for the welfare of his countrymen, and lest fate, in the form of discovery and arrest, should be unkind, he had changed his name and severed all connection with his family, that they might escape the taint of his disgrace. After the receipt of that letter reference to Stepan was prohibited.

The course of true love never did run smooth, and that of Marie and Peter was no exception. The zealous attentions of the former to the convicts, and the thousand-and-one little kindnesses performed for the amelioration of their wretchedness, which before her engagement had called forth the praises and admiration of her lover, were now so many tortures to his selfish passion, and he attempted to put a stop to them.

“Marie,” said he—he was too good a diplomatist to give himself away—“Marie, you look worn and tired. This good-angel work is killing you; you want fresh air and sunlight and healthy exercise. You must leave these fellows to their own resources for a while. I cannot see my ‘Little Sister’ lose all her roses in a prison like any convict.”

“Peter!”—in a tone of mild rebuke—“you would not have me

forsake them? They are so wretched, and look so eagerly for my visits, and I am far happier so than idling at home, or picnicing, or hunting over the taiga. And you would not have me unhappy, would you, Peter? Promise you will never ask me this again.”

And Peter, being but human, and a lover withal, promised. Nevertheless, he jealously followed Marie as she went her daily rounds, and grudged every smile and word she bestowed upon her willing listeners.

The arrival of a fresh batch of suspects added materially to his distrust, which rapidly developed into a maddening jealousy.

Marie was busier than ever—soothing the fractious, cheering the dejected, taking a ray of hope into every ward, and leaving it there. Truly, the “Little Sister” fulfilled the fondest hopes of the new arrivals—especially of one.

In a cell apart from the rest was a convict known as Kalévsky, a young man whose forlorn attitude and dejected mien little accorded with his giant breadth and stature. “Wanted” by the police for political offences, he had for months led the life of a vagabond, tramping many hundred versts of taiga, forest and mountain, avoiding towns for fear of recognition and arrest, living on the products of wood and river, hunted, driven, and at last, worn out and weary of life, caught in a feeble act of robbery at a small village through which he was passing.

The first few days after his arrival at S— his dogged insubordination and disrespect led to solitary confinement. Nicolaef heard of this, and warned Marie against visiting him.

“The fellow is no better than an animal from the forest that we would hunt and shoot,” he said, “and, if I cannot persuade you to relinquish this practice altogether, you must at least draw the line at such a wild boar. There's positive danger, and I insist.”

And Marie, like a woman, straightway applied to the jailer for an interview, and obtained it. For the next week her efforts on Kalévsky's behalf were unremitting.

Peter was ready to choke with rage. Yet what could he do? To remonstrate with Marie proved useless; to remove the prisoner beyond the reach of her magnanimity was to jeopardise her love and old Antonovitch's good opinion. He could only wait and watch.



“Fold me in your arms, darling, and look at me as you used in the old, old days.”

Their wedding-day was drawing near, and after that—— It was certain he did not yet know Marie Antonovna if he thought compulsion would avail where persuasion so signally failed.

It was Easter Eve. Outside the prison the moon shone on the frost-whited meadows, the air was clear and crisp, and the sentinels as they walked their allotted beat could see over versts of taiga, could hear the pine-trees in the distant forest creak and sigh as the night wind caught their branches and swept away with the odour on its breath.

Suddenly the sound of a distant bell fell feebly on the ear, and an instant after every church in the town was pealing its merriest chimes telling the earth of "peace, hope, joy, and victory o'er the grave." It was the Day of Resurrection.

Within, the bell of the prison church was clanking away with a supreme effort to be joyful. The prisoners were silently forming into a procession; they, too, were to help in this joyous celebration, and many a rugged heart beat quicker and many a surly countenance grew soft under the influence of a memory which carried them back to the days of freedom and innocence.

There was only one absentee from this grey-coated file. Tossing on a plank in his cell lay Kalévsy, a prey to the wildest fever. His eye glowed with the light of insanity, and his body shook convulsively, while his feverish imagination recounted the horrors of his recent vagabondage. His writhings were terrible to behold and his curses dreadful to listen to.

and left along the corridor. Nicolaef, standing in the darkness with a beam of moonlight shining beyond him, was not seen. Marie went back, and Nicolaef ground his teeth and strained every nerve to catch the faintest sound. His vigilance was quickly rewarded. The voice was Marie's.

"The saints be praised!" he heard her say. "The turnkey's gone to church with the others."

"The saints be praised!" answered Kalévsy, with every vestige of fever gone from him.

"You acted your part splendidly, Stepan."

"It was not difficult to recall the memory of those horrible months of wandering and starvation. But, Marie,"—with a burst of passion—"why do you endanger your life's happiness for such a vagabond?"

"Hush, Stepan, hush! You must not talk like that. Come, put on this cloak; it belongs to Peter, and will hide your own tell-tale garb. Quick! We haven't a moment to lose. In the pockets you will find money and food."

"And a weapon—I must have a revolver."

"In the inner pocket of your coat. Now put on this cap, and your transformation is complete. Remember, you are to walk with me right into the town, towards the Ispravnik's house. You will be mistaken for Peter Nicolaef, and must acknowledge the sentry's salutation. We shall



The early guard, marching to relieve the watch, discovered near the prison the cold bodies of Peter Nicolaef and the "Little Sister," lying not fifty yards apart.

Marie stood by his side, and in the open doorway waited Peter Nicolaef, vainly endeavouring to persuade her to relinquish her watch and leave the man to his wailings.

"Marie," he was saying, "come away. Come with me into the church. You can do the fellow no possible good, and will assuredly make yourself ill."

"Hush!" was the reply. "Go by yourself, Peter. I cannot leave him now until he gets better—or worse. Go, dear"—plaintively—"and come and fetch me after the service."

Nicolaef turned on his heel, muttering a curse, and ordered the procession to move on. Soon they had disappeared; the church door was closed, and strains of music, soft and sweet as angels', floated through the corridor.

But ere long Nicolaef returned, and, beckoning to the jailer who kept watch without the sick man's cell, with many dumb movements indicated that he would take his place. The jailer disappeared into the church, and Nicolaef planted himself against the wall near the open door of the cell—immovable, unseen; and while the music filled his ear on the one side, to the other floated the moans and curses of his fever-stricken prisoner.

Presently Marie appeared at the doorway, and looked eagerly right

meet nobody on the way; they will all be a-bed or at church by now. Once past the house, you make the best of your way alone towards the taiga, and once there—well, you've served an apprenticeship at it; I can tell you nothing you do not already know. A roughly-drawn map of the country you will find in your breast-pocket. Now, are you ready, Stepan?"

"One moment, Marie; just one more. I shall never see you again, remember. Once free, I will never be retaken—alive. Let me look in my 'Little Sister's' face again—just once. Fold me in your arms, darling, and look at me as you used in the old, old days, before——"

"Hush, dear! Don't recall those days."

"There, my heart fails me at the last moment. The thought of what is before unnerves me. The boundless plain, the impenetrable forest, the silent night, and the betraying sunlight. Marie, the recollection of it all makes a coward of me. Better, far better, the darkest cell lit with the sunshine of my 'Little Sister's' smile than a liberty such as even a dog would scorn to own."

"Stepan! Stepan! You must not!"

"How can I help it? What is there left for me when I lose you, Marie, but to die?"

"Hush! Stepan, dear. Be a man. Fortune will smile upon you yet. Another country, where freedom is, will shelter and protect you. I am certain of it. And then, when you look back upon this Easter Eve, you will be proud of the 'Little Sister' who smiled when you would weep, and filled you with hope when you were downcast."

"I would rather stay here and see you always smile."

"That is impossible, Stepan. Even now Peter Nicolaef is eaten up with jealousy of you. May he not prevent you from seeing me at all? Think of that. No—no; freedom is best for you, dear. Come now, quick, or all our planning will have been for naught. No, not a word more; every moment imperils your life and mine. I will see if the way be still clear."

Again Marie came to the doorway, was satisfied, and returned. Peter Nicolaef had stood as in a trance. His intermittent curses and ejaculations had been muttered beneath his breath. He had already crossed the Rubicon between love and hatred, and only the certainty of a speedy revenge on the would-be fugitive and his pretty accomplice could have prevented an immediate explosion of his wrath. His right hand had unconsciously clasped his revolver, and, standing there in the gloom, he looked the very incarnation of spleen. There was no doubt of it now; his worst suspicions had been confirmed. Kalévsky was a former lover, and Marie loved him still. The thought almost made him cry aloud. He felt it would be impossible to stand there much longer; he must do something, or his rage would kill him. His release came quickly.

They came out of the cell together, hand in hand. The moonlight shone in Stepan's pale worn face and fell caressingly upon her hair. A resemblance to someone, unnoticed till now, struck the vigilant Nicolaef. Had he seen him before? Kalévsky? No, the name was unfamiliar. It could only be imagination.

They turned to the left and walked steadily along the passage to a flight of steps that led circuitously down to the furthest exit of the prison. Marie was acquainted with every inch of the building. They would come out at the extreme corner, and thus obviate the danger of passing the whole ring of sentinels. Certainly, there was one at the exit, but she feared not that Stepan, arrayed in her lover's coat, would pass for him in her company.

Nicolaef, in a fever of desperation, watched their route. For an instant he wavered, turned as if to follow, and then hurried off in another direction. He, too, knew the prison, and would intercept them, and then——

Yes, the old cracked bell far away in the town was merrily clanging again, and every other bell took up the strain. "Peace, hope, joy, and victory o'er the grave." The door of the prison church flew open, and there came a tumultuous swell of music. It drowned the footsteps of the returning convicts and smothered the jingling of their chains; and only a single sentinel, posted at one extremity of the prison, heard an exchange of shots fired with the rapidity of thought, and he, from lack of courage or a superstitious fear, hearing nothing more, wisely kept his counsel, and anxiously awaited his relief.

And in the grey of the morning the early guard, marching to relieve the watch, discovered near the prison the cold bodies of Peter Nicolaef and the "Little Sister," lying not fifty yards apart. Kalévsky, the convict, had escaped. And little did old Antonovitch guess that Marie had died that her brother, Stepan, might be free.

ARTHUR RIGBY.



A single sentinel, posted at one extremity of the prison.

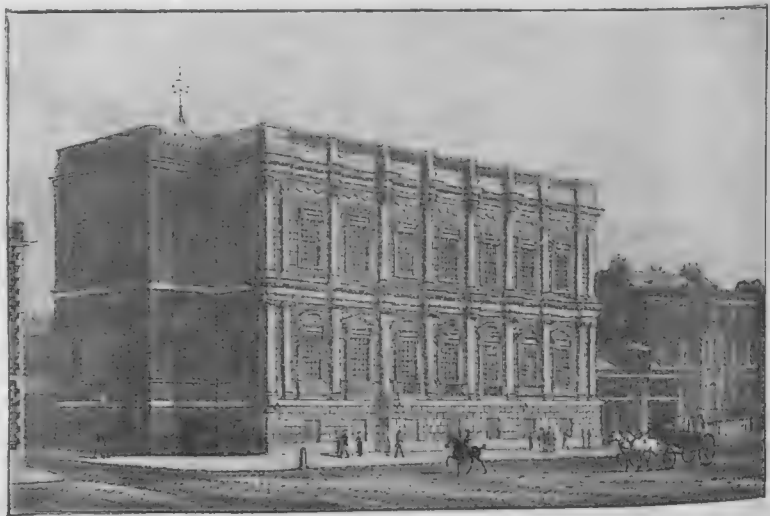
THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

With little more than half a century's life, this Institution, established for the promotion of naval and military art, science, and literature, is about to find its home in Whitehall Yard made worthy of its function. It is nearly two years since the request of the Institution was granted for the Chapel Royal, which had previously been closed for Divine service, being given up to it for a museum. On June 6 a bazaar will be opened in the chapel, and on the same date the Prince of Wales will lay the foundation-stone of the new buildings of the Institution. Historic as



WHITEHALL YARD, FROM THE STREET, OPPOSITE THE HORSE GUARDS.

Whitehall is, nothing remains of the palace which the Kings of England from Henry VIII. to William III. occupied, except the Banqueting Hall, converted into a chapel (which was never consecrated) in the reign of George I., and now into a military museum. The present building was designed by Inigo Jones as part of a vast scheme initiated by James I. for a new palace at Whitehall, which would have been the largest, perhaps, in the world. The building, which took three years to construct, was begun in 1619, and thirty years after Charles I. was executed on a scaffold erected in front of it. The building has a great vault under it, 110 ft. long by 55 ft. broad. The wall at the foundation is 14 ft. thick, and at the top 5 ft. The ceiling is lined with pictures on canvas representing the apotheosis of James I., painted abroad by Rubens in 1635. The figures are of colossal



THE BANQUETING HALL.

dimensions, the children being more than 9 ft. and the full-grown figures from 20 ft. to 25 ft. in height. This ceiling, which has not been tampered with in the latest use to which the chapel is to be put, will be shown off to advantage by the electric light, now being fitted up.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, of Vienna, who has just given his magnificent château and estate near Reichenau, valued at 5,000,000 florins, to be transformed into a hospital for consumptives, takes no active part in the transactions of the Rothschild firm in the Austrian capital. The great financial house there is managed by Baron Albert Rothschild, whose hobby is chess. He is one of the best players in Vienna, and a liberal friend and patron of chess-players. The late Baron Kolisch, who died a wealthy financier, was, earlier in his career, a professional chess-player, and it was, we believe, to Baron Albert that he owed the opportunity of going on the Bourse, of which he availed himself with a success equalling that which had attended his efforts over the chess-board.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"So the Duke of York is to be spliced at last. I know'd him well; 'speets he 'll ask his pal to the weddin'."

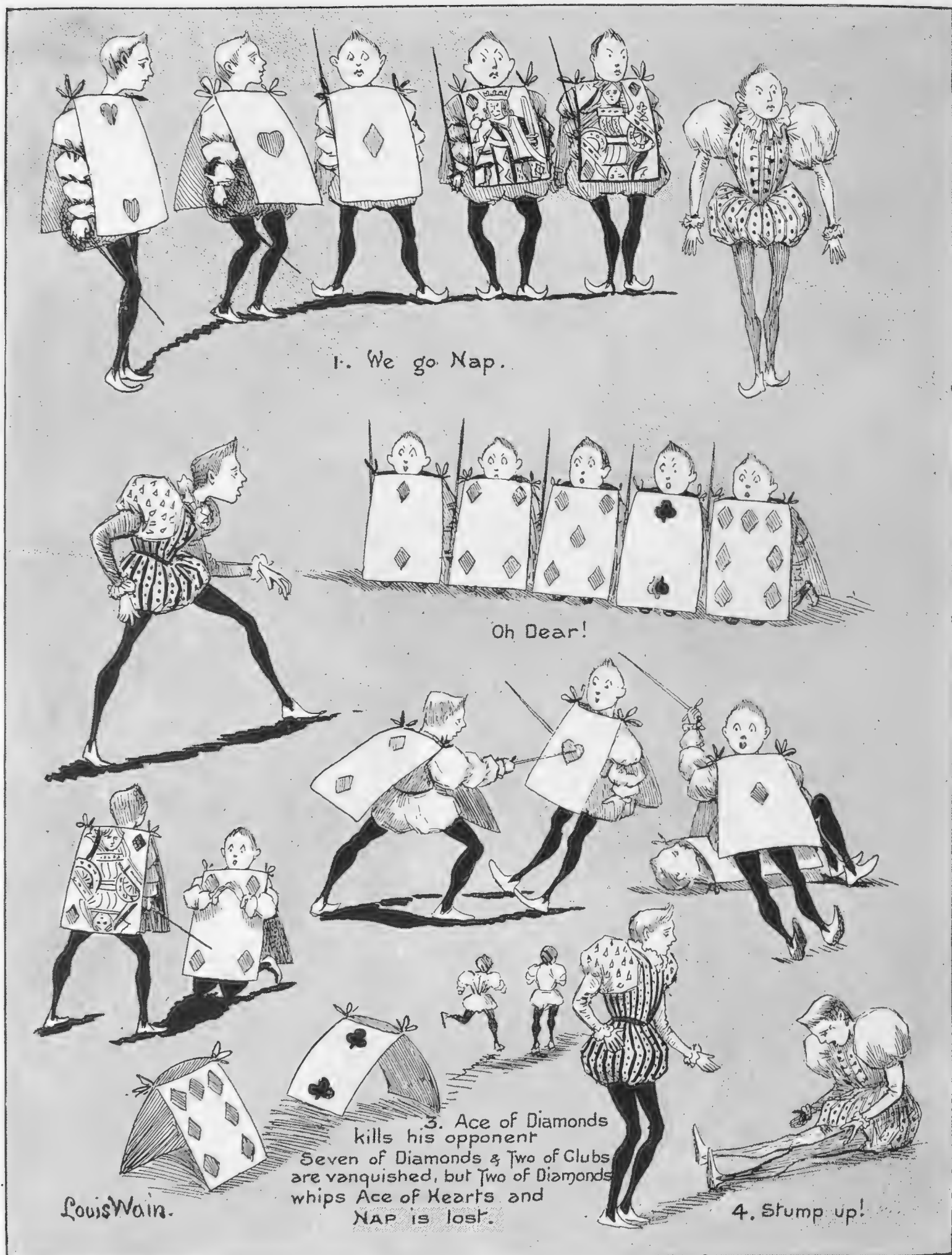


"Why don't you insure in the Passenger Railway Accident Assurance?"
"What's the good? I never have any luck."



A STUDY OF BLAZING IDIOCY.

HIGHLY INTELLIGENT NATURALIST (chuckling): "He! he! Very rare bird, that. Thought he was quite extinct—he is *now*, anyhow, and I've prevented Jones getting him, too. He! he!"



A GAME OF NAP.



FIRST ACTOR : " Yes, my dear fellow, I have played in ' Hamlet.' "

SECOND ACTOR : " Indeed ! Your father's ghost seems to have startled you a bit." "



THE TOPIC OF THE DAY.

"I tell you Home Rule means the break-up of the Empire!"
"The devil it does, and what about the Alhambra?"

MAY 24, 1893

THE SKETCH.



"I wants to go to Uncle 'Arry's funeral, boo—ooh!"

"You just stops at 'ome this time; you was at the cirkiss last week."

